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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN IN RUINS!

TRIUMPHANT

DEFENCE OF SLAVERY!

IN

A SERIES OF LETTERS

TO

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

BY

NICHOLAS BRIMBLECOMB, ESQ.

"Slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reputed, and adjudged in law to be CHATTELS PERSONAL in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors, administrators, and assigns, to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever."

LAWS OF SOUTH CAROLINA.

BOSTON:
CHARLES WAITE.
MDCCCLIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

Slaves are property. It is on this simple basis that the following sentiments rest. This one fact constitutes my premises; and I defy the world to point out any defect in the logic of the Letters. Should it so happen that my reader shall be startled at some sentences herein written, I only ask him to bethink himself that my *slave* and my *horse* are alike in both state and national law.

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LETTER I.

Introduction. — Mr. Haley. — Traffic in Niggers an Honorable Profession. — Traffic in Horned Cattle, &c., in the North. — Great Usefulness of Slave Merchants. — Raising of Slaves for the Market.

MADAM: —

Inasmuch as your book, entitled "Uncle Tom's Cabin," has seemed to attain, by some means, considerable notoriety, — a notoriety, by the way, of which I judge it to be utterly undeserving, — it has occurred to me to address you a few communications, designed more particularly to counteract the false and unhappy impressions which such a book as yours would be likely to make, especially upon lower classes of minds. I have no hope that, by such an effort, I should exert any influence to correct or alter your own judgment in reference to slavery; for there is no more hopeless case of conversion from error to truth than that of an opinionated, selfish, and self-conceited woman. At the same time, it is possible that others, who shall take the trouble to read my letters, will be led to see the fallacy of your whole book, and cease to be influenced by the very false views which it gives of the blessed institution of American slavery.

As it is my purpose to make a somewhat thorough examination of your foolish book, I shall commence with its beginning, and track the absurd story as carefully as I am able—noting the prominent characters which you are pleased to introduce before your readers, together with the principles and facts which you are so officious in presenting, so far as they may seem to serve your very obvious and wicked purpose, against one of the Christian institutions of our country.

One of the characters first appearing in your book is *Mr. Haley;* who, so far as a candid man is able to judge, was a respectable and skilful merchant in slaves—a lawful and honorable profession, which you and many other weak people are pleased to look upon with something like contempt. It were perfectly easy to show that such sentiments as these are entirely as unreasonable as they are unjust. For, with all your ignorance, madam, are you so ignorant as not to know that the three millions of slaves belonging to our southern brethren are, every one of them, articles of property, and are, consequently, proper articles of merchandise? Are you not aware that the constitution of these United States recognizes these animals as property—or, at least, seems to do so? And do you not know that the laws of the slave states do, without exception, most clearly recognize them as property—and that, too, just as truly as they do horses, sheep, dogs, cats, and the like? These laws, therefore, being correct, the merchant of slaves is engaged in a profession as fair, respectable, and honorable as any business whatsoever that is transacted in society. It is true, we hear of some, even among slaveholders themselves, *who affect to despise* this class of merchants; yet, if

this be so, nothing is more certain than the sheer and utter injustice of such slaveholders. For who does not know that, in any part of the country, it is equally as honorable to buy and sell horses, oxen, cows, sheep, potatoes, corn, or any other article of trade, as it is to own and use these articles? We pronounce it, therefore, madam, a very absurd idea, so much labored at in your book, and, I may add, so common among a certain class of not very intelligent people; namely, that the slave-trading business is a rather dishonorable calling. You seem inclined, by frequent and repeated imputations, to depreciate the fair fame of Mr. Haley. But what if I should say to you, that I entertain equally as good an opinion of this gentleman as I do of the amiable, the hesitating, the almost pious *Mr. Shelby*, whom, also, your book immediately introduces? The truth is, they are both to be set down as good, and true, and honorable men. Behold the circumstances. Mr. Shelby is a Kentucky gentleman, who, by some means, has fallen into pecuniary embarrassments. Mr. Haley appears to be one of his creditors, while Mr. Shelby has two articles of property in his possession, which, being turned out to Mr. Haley, the latter agrees, for such a consideration, to cancel the obligation. Mr. Shelby, accordingly, turns them out to Mr. Haley, and they pass receipts. Such is this case; and was there ever a plainer one? And he who writes, as you would seem to do, that the man who *buys*, in this case, is any less honorable than he who *sells*, writes what is false, and is guilty of an injury against one of the most enterprising and active classes of our southern society.

Yourself, being a lady, — and not a very intelligent one, — may not be aware of the fact; yet a species of

traffic entirely similar to that of Mr. Haley is common, for aught I know, in all parts of the country. In our New England, for example, there are men who make it their exclusive business to travel into the grazing regions, and buy up, for the great markets, large lots of cattle, and have them conveyed on foot, or, more recently, by rail cars, to the cities upon the seaboard, and there sell them, on appointed days, to various purchasers who may be present for the purpose of buying. What was more common, a few years ago, than to witness large droves of these animals, driven through the towns and villages, on the way to the market? And not droves of black cattle merely, but also droves of sheep, horses, and pigs? Then, again, there is traffic; not only in live stock, but also there are those who are accustomed to visit periodically the agricultural regions of New England, New York, Canada, and the west, and make large purchases of various country produce, such as apples, potatoes, hay, pork, corn, and the like, for the purpose of selling again at the great marts of trade. Yet I am not aware that these traders or merchants have ever, on account of such a mode of traffic, been esteemed less honorable and respectable than other men. Why, then, should you, or any one else, presume to arraign the character of slave merchants — a precisely analogous class? I ask if they are not a class of traders equally as useful and necessary as any other class for the purpose of meeting the wants of society? I contend that they are useful in a sense at least twofold.

In the first place, they are useful to those planters, in the more northern slave states, who have a superabundance of slave property. Many planters of great

respectability will, in the natural course of things, come to have a greater stock than what is needful upon their plantations. There will grow up some likely-looking young girls, and male slaves also; and often there will be old servants that have become mostly worn out, and yet who would sell for something. Then, too, there are multitudes of little children from four to ten years old, and of every shade of color, that the owner may spare as well as not. In fact, the case answers entirely to that of a flourishing farmer and stockholder in Vermont. His piggery, for example, contains swine of various age and condition. There are the breeders, from one to five or more years old; then there are the *shoats*, as they are termed — such as have already attained some growth; and there are sundry litters of sucking pigs. Now, it happens, in such a group as this, — it being in the process of constant multiplication, — that frequently some, of one age and another, must be sold off. Nay, this, in fact, is the principal object in the eye of the proprietor of the piggery. He raises pigs for the market. All this very exactly applies to the case before us. The southern plantations may, in many cases, be denominated *piggeries* — being conducted, by their honorable proprietors, on very much the same principles, and for very much the same purposes. There will arise, from year to year, a superabundance of niggers. These will be for sale, and form one of the sources of yearly revenue, and, in many instances, the *principal* source of revenue, from the estate. And directly here, you may observe, madam, the usefulness and convenience of the slave merchant. He comes to the plantation as the pig merchant comes to the piggery; and

the owner finds a market at his own door for all his surplus produce.

In my next, I shall detail further, for your information, the usefulness of the slave trader.

LETTER II.

Good Influence of Slave Merchants further illustrated.— Vastitude of Slave Territory.— Its Influence on Slave Property.— Skilful and Benevolent Policy of the Slave Merchant.— The Middle Passage.

MADAM:—

I proceed, according to promise, to bring to your view the other grand benefit growing out of the slave traffic; namely, *the accommodation of the southern market.* You should know that while, in the more northern slave states, there is more than a full supply of slaves, yet in the more southern and in the south-western plantations, there are constantly occurring vacancies to be supplied. In addition to this, new plantations are every day established in the great south-west, presenting an almost illimitable demand for slaves wherewith to stock them. And this vast slave area, it is hoped, will continue still to increase — embracing not only all Texas, but also all of New Mexico, the immense territory of Utah, together with the southern half of the present free state of California. Nor is it at all unlikely that much, if not all, of the republic of *Mexico, where slavery* is now absurdly prohibited,—

also all the other southern countries of North America, together with Cuba, and other West India Islands,—will, at no distant day, be annexed to our glorious republic; such annexation having as its grand and sublime purpose the propagation and perpetuation of that felicitous institution against which your silly book is obviously aimed.

Thus there is a natural drifting of slave property from north to south, with the prospect that this current will continue, and immeasurably increase; so that no class of property has a fairer prospect of advancing in value from year to year than property in niggers.

Now, the slave merchants are, of course, the great agents for supplying the southern market. One of these gentlemen, as, for example, my friend Mr. Haley, in the spirit of expanded benevolence, as well as of generous enterprise, collects a herd of niggers in Kentucky—passes them easily down the Ohio to New Orleans, for the accommodation of such as may wish, either for purposes of necessity or pleasure, to purchase. Nor should it be forgotten that these merchants, as wise as they are benevolent, are careful to be prepared, by the variety of their articles, to accommodate every class of purchasers. Thus he selected Tom, as being stout, healthy, capable, and pious, so that he might accommodate any purchaser who should desire a good field hand, and such a one as would be likely to continue effective for several years. He selected little Harry, as being likely to wax, in his growth, into a finished house servant. He sought to secure Harry's young and beautiful mother, as judging her suitable to accommodate and please one of those

numerous southern gentlemen who not only have field and house servants, but also certain house servants of a peculiar character. Thus all descriptions of slaves will be found assembled at one of these southern markets — as, for example, that at New Orleans. You would probably find there, on almost every auction day, an arrangement very similar to that described by you in that foolish book of yours. I refer to the auction at which Tom, Adolph, Emmeline, and others were sold, after the death of Mr. St. Clare. Gentlemen of various classes of wants will here be accommodated. Slave mothers with their beautiful daughters will be there, — mothers, also, with little infant children, — old niggers and young niggers, — handsome and deformed niggers. The supply will correspond to the demand. One will purchase an infant, as it can be bought for a trifle. Another will take the mother, who is valuable either for the field or the house, and much more valuable without her child than with it. After much competition, one succeeds in securing that handsome girl at an enormous price, while her mother is knocked off for a mere song to some other one of less means. The strong, the weak, the handsome, the plain, male and female, all find their places, and all purchasers are accommodated.

And yet, if I rightly discern the spirit of your book, a class of men so useful, and so generously accommodating, as I have above shown the slave merchants to be, are regarded, by you, as not among the most respectable of our fellow-citizens; whereas they are inseparable from the whole system of slavery, and altogether essential to it. They are an indispensable link in this beautiful chain. First, there is the demand and

the market, and it is large, and daily increasing. Secondly, there is the breeding and the supply. Between these two comes in the merchant, or the *trader*, as you are pleased, somewhat contemptuously, to term him. And here he operates as a necessary agent, whose profession is as honorable and pure as slavery itself. This noble class of men superintend, in fact, what may with great propriety be called the "middle passage" in American slavery; for this middle passage does as truly exist now as it ever did. In good old times, and before the existence of that execrable law prohibiting the African slave trade, and absurdly denouncing it to be piracy — before that law, and when African slavery was in its glory, the middle passage was from heathen Africa to our own Christian shores; that is, from the supply to the demand. Now, the middle passage is, in the whole length of it, along our own favored land and rivers. We have come to the attainment and possession, upon our own free and happy shores, of the whole incomparable system, in all its completeness and parts. We have the breeding, rearing, and furnishing. We have the middle passage, with all its accompanying excitement and romance; and we have the market, ever open, ever active, ever increasing, and ever full.

"Hail, Columbia, happy land!" &c.

LETTER III.

Mr. Haley's Attempt to recover Harry. — The Fracas with the Horses. — Sam. — The affecting Scene of Mr. Haley's Fall from his Horse. — The Chase after Eliza. — Her Escape, and the afflicting Consequences.

MADAM: —

I have not yet done with your injurious representations of the enterprising and highly-respectable Mr. Haley. I demur very seriously at your whole picture of his legal and laudable attempt to recover the lad Harry, an article of property just bought and paid for, and to which the laws of Kentucky as fully entitled him as to his coat or watch. And yet the property, before he had gained actual possession of it, was surreptitiously and wickedly withdrawn from his reach, and so effectually withdrawn as never to be afterwards recovered. The weak-minded and vicious mother of the little article stole it, by night, from its lawful owner, and fled! Of course the owner of the stolen property proceeded, as was natural and proper, with suitable exertions for recovering his plundered merchandise. He orders his own horse, at once, on the discovery; and Mr. Shelby, as was meet, and his bounden duty, orders two other horses to be put in readiness, and two niggers to accompany Mr. Haley, for the purpose of aiding him, to the utmost of their ability, in finding the renegade slave and her stolen child. These two niggers, particularly the old one, — a buffoon and a fool, — while the three horses are in *readiness* at Mr. Shelby's door, contrives, in his utter

viciousness and depravity, that, when Mr. Haley mounts his horse, the latter shall immediately perceive an insupportable annoyance beneath the saddle, such as causes him to precipitate his rider, and with great violence, to the earth; whereupon the other horses, also, by previous management of the faithless and worthless niggers, are released, and all the animals fly away at the top of their speed, down the park, and are lost, for a time, in the adjoining forests. All this, it is to be understood, was one of the accursed contrivances of the scoundrel nigger Sam, with a view to gaining time for the miscreant Eliza. Then follows the ridiculous boggling about recovering the horses, and the special pains of old Sam to prevent their being caught in a hurry, and finally of their being caught after several hours; that is, when the old rascal aforesaid thought proper. There is then the hypocritical persuasion to Mr. Haley to take dinner before starting on the pursuit, — the vexatious and wicked delay of the dinner, — the setting out at length, — the misleading of the merchant by the same execrable old ragamuffin, and the final escape of the thief with the property she had stolen.

Now, madam, it is not for me, I grant, to arraign you for the existence of these facts, which you have thus portrayed to the public eye; but what I find fault with is, that sly approval, that ill-concealed chuckling of yours at the circumventing of Mr. Haley, and his failure to secure his property. Was it not a shame — a burning shame — that such a gentleman as he evidently was should be treated so abusively? Think of the abominable trick perpetrated by the more abominable nigger Sam, of whom I never can think without

a longing desire to see him tied to the whipping post, with the whip in my own hands. I have frequently thought that it would afford me great pleasure to serve him with a few *striking* lessons, that might be of special benefit to him. Think, too, of the melancholy scene of that good man being thus thrown from his horse, and lying prostrate in the sand; and that, too, in a manner very disagreeable to a gentleman, and while so many wicked ones were present to be secretly gratified by the spectacle. Think of that beautiful suit of clothes all besoiled, and, perhaps, rent besides by the disastrous plunge. Think of that long and gorgeous watch chain, with the magnificent seals attached, all draggling in the dirt. Think of his rich and graceful hat, which could hardly escape more or less of bruising and crushing by the fall, especially if he should have fallen head foremost into the mud. Think of his glossy boots, that doubtless shared in the general befoulment. And think what must have been his feelings, as he found himself turning a somerset in the air, and then coming to the ground with the violence which such a fleshy man must have realized. And think, moreover, if you can,— for you do not seem capable of any generous sentiments of humanity and sympathy,— think, if you can, what must have been the feelings and the sufferings of the beloved Haley, as he found himself in that mud and sand,— his beautiful garments half spoiled,— his back half broken,— his head half stunned,— his face and whiskers beslimed,— his heart bleeding with grief at the delay thus caused, and the increased hazard of losing his property. Think, too, what must have been the feelings of his beautiful wife and children, had they but known his misfortune. It is not at all strange

that, when he arose from the ground, and perceived the diabolical chuckling of great and small niggers around him — I say, it is not at all strange that he should, in his righteous indignation, proceed to curse the whole herd of them. I am utterly unable to describe my feelings, as I follow this dear, abused man amid the succeeding toils and disappointments that he was doomed to encounter on that ill-fated day. In my imagination, I follow him, as he is bothered, misled, and insulted by that confounded Sam. I see him decoyed along that unfrequented road till it ends, at length, in a barn yard. I see him then retracing his way, and with increased speed, until he finds again the travelled path. Now he is plunging forward with as much alacrity and industry as if no disaster had befallen him. I know not to whom so fitly to compare him as to the great apostle, who forgot the things which were behind, and reached forth to those things which were before, and thus pressed towards the mark. It is true, the race of Paul seemed to be after *souls*, more particularly, while that of Haley was after soul and body both, and might, therefore, seem to be the more commendable of the two. And now he is nearing the object of his pursuit. He has gained a glimpse of the wicked fugitive and thief. She is flying to the shore of the river, and he is flying after her at the top of his speed. They reach the shore almost together; but ere he can grasp his prize, the insane nigger, with her young one, or rather with the stolen property of Mr. Haley, springs upon the broken ice, and escapes.

And now, behold again that dear and much-insulted man. There he stands, on that cold evening, by the side of that icy stream, after being precipitated with

disastrous violence from his horse, — after the anxiety from the delay thus occasioned, — after that long wild-goose chase, ending in the barn yard, — after the subsequent racing like an apostle, — after that most fatiguing race on foot to the river, with a female nigger; — see him, after all this, standing on the banks of that melancholy stream, — a valuable article of his property lost, — all the labors and sufferings of the day rendered nugatory. Where is the heart, I would ask, that must not melt while contemplating his unfortunate and unhappy predicament? O, might he have caught that graceless thief, just as she was about to make the leap by which she escaped, how relieved should we all have been in our tender sympathies for the distressed Haley! How would the law have been magnified, especially that most happy and wholesome law lately enacted by Congress for the seizure of fugitives! Then would the guilty thief mother have received her just punishment. Then would the bright and beautiful little boy Harry have been placed in the arms of his legal owner, still to constitute a part of the sublime system of slavery. Then would the amiable and enterprising Haley have returned with rejoicing, as one who had found great spoil. Then would a thrill of joy have pervaded thousands and thousands of the friends and advocates of slavery. Then would the great and good men of Congress, whose votes enacted the fugitive law, have been charmed at the announcement of a transaction so completely harmonious with that memorable statute. And, finally, then would the glorious union of these states have been cemented and consolidated, while there would have been quietness and peace, instead of heartburnings, alienation, and division.

LETTER IV.

Mrs. Shelby. — Her contemptible Character. — Her Maltreatment of Mr. Haley. — Her Cant and Fanaticism. — Absurdity of Slave Marriages. — Shameful Connivance at Eliza's Flight.

MADAM: —

After the remarks of the preceding letters in connection with Mr. Haley, you will not think it strange that I have some severe strictures to make on the character of Mrs. Shelby. In fact, all her conduct and conversation, as appears on the face of your narrative, appears to me to be very much like the general tenor of your book; that is to say, *contemptible.* She is evidently one of the very large class of women possessed of weak and shallow minds, — influenced by the impulses of the moment, — being incapable of taking any just or comprehensive views of right or propriety. She was one of your whining, canting women, who, either under mistaken notions of religion, or, what is more probable, under the garb of sheer hypocrisy, are ready, not only to prejudice their own domestic interests, and bring their husbands and families into inextricable difficulty, but are equally ready to set at defiance the laws of God and man. She is represented by you as holding the most abusive language and sentiments in reference to the accomplished Mr. Haley. Having ascertained that this gentleman had purchased of her husband the niggers, Tom and little Harry, she at once flies into a passion, — almost tears her hair from her head, — affects the profoundest grief, and

undertakes to lecture her husband upon matters of right and wrong, as if such things came at all within the province of her knowledge or duty; and then, in an effusion of sickly sentimentalism, she bursts forth into a rhapsody of detail of her wonderful efforts and diligence to instruct the niggers in religion and righteousness. Was there ever a more curious display of ignorance and fanaticism combined! She even goes so far as to insinuate to Mr. Shelby that she had taught to Tom and Eliza the duties of husbands and wives, as also those of parents, and then gravely asks what all these instructions will amount to, if they are sold. "How can I bear," she says, "to hear this open acknowledgment that we care for no tie, no duty, no relation, however sacred, compared with money?" Was this woman so criminally ignorant as not to know that our slavery recognizes, and can recognize, no such relations as she speaks of? Did she not know that the wholesome laws of the slave states, for the regulation of slavery, have no recognition of nigger marriages, or any permanent family relation among slaves? How could this consist with the unimpeded operations of the system? A slave husband, or wife, forsooth! Or a slave family of parents, sons, and daughters! Did not this foolish woman know that a nigger husband, or nigger wife, or nigger daughter, is just as much the property of their owner as the ox, the cow, or the calf? Was she not aware that every bodily and mental faculty belongs to the master, and not to the slave? The truth is, there is not the slightest difference in the world, in this respect, between niggers and black cattle; and had not *Mrs. Shelby* been a dunce, she would have perceived

that the relations of human society are not a whit more applicable to slaves than to brutes. The male slave has no duties towards a wife: his duties are to his owner. The female slave has no duties to a husband: she belongs, body and soul, to her master. A slave child has no duties to parents: he owes nothing to any one but to his master. Marriages among slaves are an absurdity. It is a thing not to be thought of, any more than among herds of cattle, horses, sheep, or pigs. It is true that in many cases a male and female slave "take up together," as it is termed, but not by marriage. The masters, indeed, would very naturally encourage the connection just spoken of, with a laudable view to the multiplication of their property; but it is understood that the connection is a merely temporary one, solely for the purpose of propagation, and for the master's benefit alone. Hence, whenever it is for the interest of the owner, he breaks up the connection, selling off either the "boy" or the "gal," exactly as a farmer at the north sells a pig out of his pen, and reserves the rest. Thus the vile abolitionists of these Northern States are guilty of the grossest falsehood, when, in their representations of slavery, they declaim about the forcible separation of husbands and wives, parents and children, &c.; whereas it happens that there can be no slave husbands, and wives, and families. The relation does not exist, and cannot exist. The country would have come to a pretty pass, indeed, if slaveholders were obliged to allow these relations to exist among their slaves. Why, we hazard not too much in saying that one such feature alone would go far to break up the whole beautiful system, and could therefore not be thought of for a moment. When a

slave, of either sex, is wanted for sale, he or she must be sold; and no regard is had to whatever ties of attachment may or may not exist. I suppose there may be something like such attachments even among niggers; and thus I have now and then heard of some feeling being manifested by them, when those who had "taken up together" were separated by sale. It is said that slave mothers, also, have seemed sometimes to show a degree of feeling, when their little ones are taken away, and carried south. All this is not entirely unnatural. It is so with pigs, when old and young swine are separated from the pen, and sold. But as all this is nothing thought of in the case of pigs, so no regard is paid to it in the case of nigger separations. The amount of it all is, they are property, and are to be treated and used as such. They are not at all to be contemplated as *persons*, but as *chattels*, and *things*, and subject to the same kind of management as other live stock, or any other articles of property whatsoever.

With these views, madam, — and these are the only correct views on the subject, — nothing could be more inconsistent or absurd than all the *stuff* communicated by Mrs. Shelby to her worthy husband, when she was apprised of the sale of Tom and Harry. It would, of course, be just as pertinent a conversation, if it had referred to her husband's selling two of his horses out of his stable. The two slaves he had just sold were, most obviously, just as much his property as two of his horses; and whatever he could do with the horses as his property, he could do also with the niggers, and that, too, with the strictest propriety.

And then, further, I am ashamed of her disgraceful

conduct in conniving, as she did in the most barefaced manner, at the escape of Eliza, and at the contrivances for delaying the chase after the fugitives. I hold in profound contempt her artful notices and hints to Sam not to hasten the pursuit. Her whole conduct, in connection with the affair, was, in the highest degree, outrageous and wicked. She was an aider and abetter in rebellion, and should have been indicted by the grand jury of the county for the crime of high treason — tried, condemned, and executed. I know that this may seem rather severe; but if the laws of the United States are thus to be trampled under foot, what remains but disunion, anarchy, bloodshed, and ruin?

LETTER V.

The Fugitive George. — General Contentment of Slaves. — Some Exceptions. — Judicious Course of George's Master. — Abominable Sentiments of George. — Righteous Claim to Slaves fully established. — Wickedness of Slaves attempting to escape amply illustrated. — Happiness of the Republic.

MADAM: —

I suppose I may as well in this place as any where give a passing notice to the fugitive George. In this case is presented a very striking example of the ultra fanaticism so prevalent in many minds, and which has been known to affect slaves of the south, as well as

their northern enemies, and the enemies of mankind, the abolitionists. As a general rule, the slaves are happy in their condition of servitude. Having never been free, they neither know nor care any thing about freedom. As already shown, they are very much as the cattle — contented with their bondage, and even love the benign institution whereby they have their support. It must be acknowledged, however, that there are some exceptions to this happy state of things among the slave population. Now and then one appears who conceives, by some means, a foolish dislike to his condition, and takes it upon him to think, and even to talk, about being free. Such was George. His father, it appears, was a Kentucky gentleman, and his mother nearly white; so that the fellow, having but a small proportion of nigger blood in him, began to think himself quite entitled to the privileges of white people. Moreover, he seems to have been somewhat ingenious, and a consciousness of this only tended to help on his pride and folly. His judicious master, as was meet, proposed to humble him, and teach him his true position — that he was not a *man*, but a *thing*, and made to be used by another, instead of having any right to dispose of himself; and such was the disinterestedness of his master, that he determined to withdraw George from the man to whom he had hired him, for the very purpose of administering to him that necessary and wholesome instruction which he so much needed. Among other things, George's owner resolved to separate him from Eliza, to whom Mrs. Shelby pretended to have married him, and to whom this pert boy pretended to be greatly attached. This excellent discipline had the effect so to exasperate the slave, that he

ran away from his master, with a fixed resolution never to be caught again alive.

Such is the aggravated wickedness of some of our southern slaves. Although belonging, body and soul, and abilities, and every thing, exclusively to their owners, they, in not a few instances, undertake to get possession of themselves, and become their own masters. What can be plainer than the utter madness as well as criminality of such conduct in these niggers? They even go so far as to assert that they have a right to themselves. Thus it was with this George. When Eliza reminded him that Mr. Harris was his master, "My master!" he replied, "and who made him my master? What right has he to me? I am a man as much as he is;—who made this man my master? That's what I want to know!" Such are the wicked and rebellious sentiments which many of these niggers, by some means or other, get into their heads. They come to such a pass as to dare to think, and even to say, that they have as much right to their bodies as any one else has; and if I do not misunderstand certain hints of yours, madam, you more than half sympathize with these execrable notions. Do you not know that the southern slaves have no right to themselves? Let me explain to you, in a few words, this matter. A southern gentleman owns a slave. You ask, "What is his right to his slave?" I answer, that he came by will; and the slave's father was a slave before him. You say, "How came his father a slave?" I answer, he was descended of a slave who was brought from Africa. You ask again, "How came he to be brought a slave from Africa?" I respond, that he was seized there, and

made a slave for the purpose of transporting him to America. "But by what right was he seized and enslaved?" Well, because—— But no matter about all that. There is no use nor sense in attempting to trace so far back the title to this species of property. It is sufficient that the present generation of slaves, in this country, are legally owned, and are legally used as property for all purposes for which property is generally employed. And, hence, it should be set down as a most preposterous and diabolical thing for one of these creatures to think of self-ownership, or to attempt to run away from their lawful masters; and what a wonder it is, that when they attempt to flee from their owners, as did this George, the terrors of a guilty conscience should not utterly palsy all their efforts to escape! But I forget that niggers have no consciences, and are, consequently, ready, very many of them, for the most desperate conduct. Witness the mad determination of this miserable George. Behold him joining his equally wicked wife, Eliza, and both of them prosecuting their escape with that little Harry which Mr. Haley so unfortnnately lost. Think of the abominable tragedy, when they were lawfully pursued by Messrs. Loker and Marks, and when Mr. Loker, by a shot from the desperado George, came near losing his valuable life, and, sad to tell, these three slaves, George, Eliza, and their young one, by various wicked manœuvres and stratagems, finally succeeded in reaching the shores of Canada, whereby so much property was lost to its owners. Every friend of our glorious institutions must weep at a result so melancholy. This same George, who thus escaped to freedom, might

have been caught, according to the provisions of our late excellent fugitive law; he might have earned for his master from five hundred to a thousand dollars a year, for many years, and thus have greatly increased his owner's means of luxury and ease. Then he might have been sold for a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars for a southern market, and have proved a fine article for speculators. But all these bright visions have perished; he has stolen himself from his master, and has escaped to a land where slavery, I regret to say, has no foothold. It is a thousand pities that on these shores there should exist any such a place of refuge. It is quite time that the United States should proceed to take possession of this whole continent, and destroy at once all such hiding-places. An enormous amount of property is, every year, drifting thither, where it is swallowed up and lost, as the river is lost in the ocean.

It is altogether important, madam, in order to clear and accurate opinions of things, that we survey them with appropriate coolness and discrimination, while we cannot be too careful lest we suffer passion and prejudice to come in and exert an unwarantable bias upon our judgment. Thus we are to look at the case of the renegadoes, George and Eliza. It is granted that these two slaves were so nearly white that they could with difficulty be distinguished from white people. It is also granted that, before their unrighteous attempt to run away, they were innocent of crime. It is further granted that they both possessed a good degree of intelligence, and were capable of providing for themselves. At the same time, it must be under-

stood that they were slaves — that they were property of two respectable gentlemen of Kentucky, and were property just as fully and absolutely as any article of property, of any kind, in the country. No farm, or house, or ship, or animal, or carriage, or tree, or any thing else, is any more to be reckoned as property than those two runaways. According to the laws of Kentucky, therefore, they, in escaping from their masters, were *thieves and robbers*. According to the laws of the United States, — the laws of this great and free nation, — they were the same. They robbed their owners of exactly the amount of their own value if sold at the auction block. It may be true, for aught I know, that these two niggers had souls as well as bodies. It must be granted, of course, that, as mere animals, they were of a rather superior kind and character. Yet this nation, as a nation, contemplates them no otherwise than as two sheep, or two pigs; it knows them only as articles — articles to be owned and used precisely as the owner sees fit. The law of the land throws its net over them, — allows them no escape, whatever may be their pretended hardships, — chases them down if they attempt to escape, — commands all bystanders to lay hold of them, and prevent their flight, — forbids all aiding, abetting, or comforting, — and hurries them back to the possession of their owners, there to remain forever. Such is the law, not of a particular state, but of the nation. The nation itself rises to the dignified and glorious work of chasing and hunting down such fugitive scapegoats and ragamuffins, any where and every where on every inch of its own soil. The great power of the nation is pledged to guard the property

of our own dear southern brethren; and this constitutes one of the capital excellences of this mighty republic. Here the sons and daughters of the free sit beneath their own vine and fig tree, having none to molest or made afraid. The immense slave property of the south, estimated to be worth 1,500,000,000 of dollars, is all sacred to its rightful owners; and should a single article thereof attempt to withdraw itself from its owner, the whole nation, with all its civil and military forces, with the president at the head, is pledged to turn out, if necessary, and push back the renegade. The true idea is, that the restoration of southern fugitive property is now a national affair. The Congress of the United States — the president, all the legislative, judicial, and executive officers — all bend towards this one point. It is the nation's great and majestic hands that now reach themselves forth to catch that flying rascal of a nigger, and just pass him back to his injured proprietor. Thus, while it is a national, it is, of course, a dignified matter; and whosoever refuses to sympathize in this sublime effort is, and of right ought to be, counted as being as low and vulgar as he is rebellious and unprincipled.

LETTER VI.

Messrs. Loker and Marks.—Abusive Representation of these Gentlemen.—National Attitude and Character of Slavery.—Slavery the great Thing—the Idol of the Nation.—The Profession of Messrs. Loker and Marks completely vindicated.—Professor Marks's distressing Failure to secure the Fugitives.—Appropriate Reflections.

MADAM:—

The observations embraced in my last communication naturally lead me to the consideration of two other characters introduced by your narrative. I refer to Mr. Loker and Mr. Marks—two gentlemen, who, from the peculiar manner in which they are introduced by you, appear to me to need a word or two of defence. In furtherance of the base design of your book, you are careful to represent these gentlemen, as in the case of Mr. Haley, in the most unfavorable light possible. Mr. Loker must be presented as vulgar and profane, while Mr. Marks, his associate in business, must be published as a deceiver and liar. And why these slanderous representations? They proceed from your inveterate and settled hatred to slavery—in other words, your inveterate and settled hatred to our nation and its glorious institutions and laws.

I find myself, madam, under the perpetual necessity of reminding you that slavery is a great national institution. It is a part, nay, the principal and choice part, of our birthright as a nation. More especially

has it assumed this commanding attitude since the enactment of that great and blessed law entitled the fugitive slave law, in 1850. Previously to this, American slavery seemed to be rather sectional than national, and it appeared to be a matter of common consent that it should be confined more particularly to the slaveholding states. But the law aforesaid has opened the eyes of the nation to the real position and dignity of slavery. Nothing is now plainer than that slavery is not a sectional, but a great national concern. It is not South Carolina, or Alabama, merely, that are slave states. The nation itself is a slave state, and every inch of its vast territory is slave soil. It is true, slaves are not actually held throughout all the country; but this is not the fault of the nation. Every where within its limits a slave is a slave. Every where he may, if a fugitive, be seized under United States law, and returned to bondage; and thus the whole entire soil of the United States is infinitely different from that of British America, lying adjacent to us on the north. A slave may, every where within the borders of our own happy country, be a slave still; while stepping across the line into Canada, he is at once and forever free. So immeasurably superior is our territory to that of the British, and so much more enlightened and free is this nation than that. Slavery, then, is the great thing; it is the popular thing, throughout this great land. It is true, there are a few fanatical people scattered through the north, who are opposed to the institution; but, as I have elsewhere set forth, they are almost exclusively of the lower classes. Your pernicious book will probably exert an influence to increase this deluded class. In fact, though I am sorry to say it,

one of our most eminent citizens, a most eloquent lawyer, and who has been a member of the United States Senate, and who is a good friend to slavery,—after reading your book with many foolish tears, threw it down, saying that it would add two millions of abolitionists to the present rusticuff and ragamuffin crew. But I hope for better things. The truth is, slavery has possession of the country, and may be said, indeed, in no mean sense, to be the country itself. Who do you think, madam, could be president of this nation without declaring his steadfast friendship for slavery? Not one. None, of course, are more fully apprised of this fact than the candidates themselves for that distinguished office. Hence all these gentlemen are specially careful to stand forth before the public eye as favorable to the great and commanding institution. And how many could find their way into the national Congress who are known to be hostile to slavery? that is, hostile to the nation? Very few indeed. There are, unfortunately, a very few of this contemptible class there; but they are of no account or importance in the national councils—are looked down upon, and almost spit on, by the more dignified and intelligent members. In a word, no man can be a truly popular man, and widely respected in this nation, unless he is friendly to that institution which constitutes the crowning characteristic and glory of the great American state.

How is it, then, in the light of these principles, with the gentlemen named at the commencement of this letter? Slavery is the great thing—the capital feature of the nation. Its support and perpetuity are, therefore, considerations of the very first importance. Whosoever,

from the president down to the most insignificant private man, contributes to such support and perpetuity, are the true, loyal citizens; they are the genuine patriots, the respected and the respectable of the community. Now, Messrs. Loker and Marks, it appears, had adopted, as their professional business, a particular department of the great work of upholding slavery. The whole case lies in a nutshell. Slavery is a divine institution—the bulwark and corner stone of our republican liberty. Certain wicked slaves undertake to escape from their masters; every instance of which, if successful, tends directly to sap the foundation of this great system. The owners of the fugitives need assistance for the special work of recapturing and recovering their property. A class of men, therefore, are imperatively demanded by the interests of the slave owners, and by the welfare of the nation at large, who should make the business of recapturing their profession, in order that thus, by giving their whole time, attention, and energies to the business, they may become eminently skilful and successful. Now, madam, I challenge your contradiction, and the contradiction of the world, when I assert that, under the laws and government of this nation, there is no more respectable and honest profession in the country than that to which Messrs. Loker and Marks had devoted themselves. They are one of the numerous classes of men who are engaged in upholding the system of slavery, and, of course, in upholding the union and existence of the nation. Refer again, if you please, to one or two items of their business, as noted in the memorandum of Mr. Marks. You represent this gentleman as reading from his business list an advertisement of a fugitive boy for whom the

sum of three hundred dollars is offered, dead or alive; also an advertisement of a wench, with six hundred offered for her, or for her head. Such advertisements, as a matter of course, suppose the very class of men represented by Loker and Marks. The fugitive law supposes such a class; slavery itself supposes such a class; the American nation supposes such a class; and without such an officiary, in one form or another, the nation would immediately tend towards ruin. The profession of slave catching, therefore, is a profession as dignified and respectable as it is beneficent and necessary. It is one of the few just sentiments of your book when you write, though with ill-concealed scorn, that "the catching business is rising to the dignity of a lawful and patriotic profession," and that "the trader and catcher may yet be among our aristocracy;" only I beg to remind you, madam, that the "catching business" is *already* risen to the dignity of a lawful profession, and there is no occupation more useful. When a man has property, and it is wickedly stolen from him, and there is an agency for the very purpose of recovering the stolen property, and restoring it to its lawful owner for a suitable reward, I assert that such agency is both dignified and lawful; while, in the case of slave property, it is found to be indispensable.

And how is it possible, madam, that you and many others can overlook these plain principles? Is it not astonishing that there must be so much fuss and fanaticism in reference to this one species of property, when little or nothing is said or done about most other kinds of riches? Just take your stand, as I do, on the conceded and immutable principle that niggers are lawful property, and you will not fail to observe that

all the parts and features of slavery present but one beautiful system of consistency. According to the law of the land are they as truly and absolutely property as so many pigs. Exactly so. Then are they to be treated as pigs, only with greater severity, oftttimes, whenever, by their superior cunning to other animals, they attempt to escape from their owners, or are guilty of other misdemeanors.

From all these remarks, you will at once infer that I have no disrespect whatever for Messrs. Loker and Marks, and gentlemen of their profession generally. On the contrary, I entertain for them sentiments of the highest respect, regard, and affection; and especially when I consider the many cruel hardships often connected with their professional business. I call to mind their numerous watchings, by day and night — their separations from their families — the hazard to which they are often exposed in attemping to seize desperate niggers, like that scoundrel George, for example. Follow, for a moment, the intrepid Loker and Marks, when engaged, by Mr. Haley, to hunt down Eliza and her young one. Think of their crossing the river on that cold, dark night. View them in the actual pursuit, when they had, at length, tracked the fugitives. Behold the brave Mr. Loker scaling the rock for the purpose of seizing the villains, and then behold him shot down by the murderous George, and receiving a wound which proved so nearly fatal. Who can think of such brutality — and that, too, in a low and scurvy nigger, — without feeling his blood boil with indignation and revenge? A dignified officiary of slavery, a necessary agency for carrying into effect the laws of the land, cut down by a rebellious

wretch, who, in defiance of his owner—in defiance of our magnificent institutions—in defiance of law—in defiance of the United States,—was grasping after his freedom! Follow, also, in your imagination, the disappointed and worthy Professor Marks, as he comes on board the fatal boat that is ready to convey George, Eliza, and little Harry from the shores of the United States. They have, unfortunately, succeeded in eluding their pursuers to this, the very last stage; and when that boat pushes from the shore, to bear them to the Canada side, then (O horror!) they will have clean escaped to freedom. But the indefatigable Marks is on hand; he is exploring the boat with the utmost diligence before its departure. He even comes directly up before George, and looks him in the face; but the disguised scoundred is undetected: the order is given to cast off; the engine is hissing; the accursed wheels begin their motion, and the poor professor is obliged to retire from the boat, and he retires alone! The boat glides off, and is under weigh with the fugitives aboard; and there stands Mr. Marks upon the wharf; he has missed the objects of his pursuit, for which he has expended so much labor, and watching, and anxiety, and professional skill, and sweat, and pains; he has lost the rich reward that awaited him if successful. Slowly and sadly he walks away; his heart is heavy, his hands are empty, his eyes are teary, and his knees are weakly. The nation must weep in sympathy with misfortunes and sufferings like this. O, it would have been beautiful, could he have just recognized the criminals when upon the boat, laid his hands upon each one, led them all *ashore,* uncased his box of manacles, and applied them

in accordance with the law of the nation, and borne away the three straight back to the everlasting embrace of the great cherished institution. Then would there have been rejoicing over all the land, instead of mourning, while for Professor Marks himself would have been a munificent reward of gratification, as well as of something more substantial withal.

LETTER VII.

Senator Bird. — His wholesome Instructions to his Wife. — The Arrival of Eliza. — Mr. Bird's shameful Violation of his Principles. — His aiding and abetting in the Escape of Eliza. — Power of Temptation. — Entire Absoluteness of Slave Property. — Grand Mistake of considering Niggers to be Persons, instead of Cattle.

MADAM: —

I am ashamed and mortified at the conduct of Senator Bird. He was obviously a man of intelligence, and, when he was able to conquer his prejudices, was ready and capable as a legislator. He appears to have approved of the judicious and patriotic action of the legislature of which he was a member, when that body enacted restrictions against aiding and abetting slaves in their attempts to escape through that state. Perfectly just and correct were the sentiments which he uttered to his foolish wife, on his visit home. When she took it upon her to say that she deemed "a law forbidding people to give meat and drink to

those poor colored folks that come along" an unchristian law, he very appropriately responded that such treatment of niggers would be aiding and abetting their escape, and that the law was therefore a Christian law. He further suggested to his wife that we must not suffer our feelings to run away with our judgment; that aiding slaves to escape was not a matter of private feeling, but great public interests are involved; and that, when there was such a state of public agitation rising, it was necessary to lay aside our private feelings. Now, it appears that, in the midst of the conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Bird, the vagabond Eliza, with her little one, having fled, in a fit of desperation, over the Ohio River, ventured into the mansion of Mr. Bird, with the hope of obtaining shelter and aid. And behold, — I write it with astonishment and regret, — the wench was not disappointed. That Mrs. Bird should play so foolish a part as she did, was to be expected; but that her honorable husband, a member of the state Senate, who had helped to enact the wholesome and necessary restrictions above alluded to, and who had just been giving such enlightened and excellent instructions to his deluded companion, that he should at once forget all his noble sentiments, forget his position, his duty, his dignity, and all, and proceed to affording aid and comfort, exactly contrary to what he had, a moment before, inculcated, — all this presents a sad and discouraging picture of poor humanity. The man who, just now, discoursed so eloquently of the necessity of disregarding mere *feeling* for the sake of great public interests, is found all suddenly forsaking the public *good, and yielding to* feeling. And there, in that

comfortable house, and by the consent and hearty concurrence of the master and mistress thereof, must this graceless slave, with her child, be warmed, and fed, and refreshed, in direct rebellion against the laws of the United States! She who ought, in conformity to those laws, to have been turned right away from the door, into the darkness, sleet, and cold, in subservience to great public interests, or else retained, and immediately fettered, and transported back over the Ohio, — this creature — this article of property — is taken in, as if it were worthy of hospitality, and is comforted and cherished! Nor is this all; this is not the end of the wickedness. This same senator, notwithstanding all he had done and said, in the very teeth of his own enlightened sentiments, as well as in direct violation of his country's laws, orders his carriage at midnight, with a careful driver, and places Eliza and her child on board, comfortably protected from the cold by garments which they gave to her and the young one. He, by a great amount of effort, and through a difficult and dangerous road, actually conducts away the wench, and secretes her where there was no probability of her being seized by her lawful pursuers!

Such is man, and such is the very slight dependence that is to be placed in an arm of flesh! A grave senator, on one day, is earnest to provide, in the legislature, for the security of his neighbor's property, and, the next day, actually runs off with that property, and does his utmost to prevent it from being secured and returned where it belongs. Whence comes this species of conduct? I reply, that it comes from allowing passion and feeling to interfere, and allowing judgment and piety to sleep. A lamentable and strik-

ing instance is presented before us, in the case of Mr. Bird, of the power of temptation. Well hath the Scripture said, "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." There seems a wonderful similarity between the fall of Mr. Bird and that of Peter. The latter was firm and determined, and felt himself proof against defection from his Master, while yet, in one hour after, he denies him thrice. So the senator imagined himself a stanch advocate for the rights of his southern neighbors; yet, almost before he is aware of it, he is in the very act of trampling those rights under foot, and he is tearing down to-day that which he built up yesterday. Shame on the man! Why did he not bethink himself, when conveying away Eliza, for the purpose of secreting her, that he was engaged in concealing stolen goods? For this he was actually doing; ay, more than this — he was arraying himself in treasonable opposition to his country, and was indictable as a rebel. Certain other characters have been caught in similar transactions to that of Mr. Bird, and have found the reward of their vile iniquity within the walls of a penitentiary. There should the honorable senator now be, hewing stone, shoeing horses, making shoes, or working at some other hard labor, and with no prospect of release till death.

Property, property, madam! How shall I write this idea upon your shallow brain, and upon others like you? *Property*, I say! Shall you, or a senator, or any one else, withhold and secrete from me one thousand dollars of my property? This is the question, the naked question, and the only question. I own a nigger. Then he is mine, — his body, — his soul, if he has *any*, — his thoughts, his strength, his skill, his come-

liness, his sprightliness, his acquirements, his breath, — every part of him is my property, — his eyes and ears, his teeth, his hands and feet, his bones, and muscles, and sinews, and nerves. I may keep him and work him just as I please, — as hard as I please, — as long as I please. I may work him so that he will live ten years, or five years, or three. I may feed him just as I please — feed him as well as I do my pigs, or not so well, just as it suits my interest, whim, or pleasure. I may whip him, bruise him, tear him, whenever I choose, and to what extent I choose, even to death, with impunity, provided I do it under certain well-known circumstances. I can work this slave myself, or I can hire him out to others, and receive, for my own special use and benefit, all he earns: it is all mine, and no part whatever belongs to him, even though he should earn, in the course of his life, twenty or thirty thousand dollars, or twenty or thirty times his estimated value. Or I can sell him when I please, to whom I please, for what I please, exactly as I can sell one of my horses or cows. Or I can mortgage him as security for a debt, whenever it seems good to me to do so. Or I can make a present of him to a friend or to a child. I can, in a word, put him to any use I please, as fully as I can my cotton, or tobacco, or sugar, or any other commodity belonging to me.

Do you understand, madam? I wish to open your eyes, and the eyes of other half-blind nummies, on this subject. You fanatical people are forever recognizing the niggers as *persons*, instead of as *cattle*, — as having some of the rights of human beings, instead of as hav-

ing no more rights than *pigs*. Let me nail before your eyes this great truth — that the slave niggers are to be regarded as being in the same category, and on the same platform, as cattle and pigs. Look at it closely. *Cows — pigs — niggers*. What is the difference, in the eye of the law, — in the eye of this nation, — between these three? Not the least difference in the world. One is as much *property* as the other. The value of one may be measured by either of the others. One can be used and treated as the others. They are all property alike. Had you always kept this great and precious truth in view, it would have saved you all the trouble of writing such a foolish and scandalous book as you have written; and were all parties to keep this same truth in sight, then would all agitation cease on the subject of slavery, — cursed abolitionism would die out instanter, — peace would supervene, — the fugitive law would become a finality, — slavery would progress and triumph, — all the nation would fly with alacrity and obedience to yield its demands, and the land would be filled with the knowledge and blessings of slavery, as the waters cover the face of the vasty deep.

LETTER VIII.

Fugitive Slave Law. — Reasons for its Enactment. — Union. — Patriots. — Restoration of Property. — Promptness. — Ten and Five Dollars. — Posse Comitatus. — True Position of the North. — Aiding and abetting Escape. — The whole Nation enlisted. — Constitutional.

MADAM: —

Whatever severe remarks I have made on the course taken by Senator Bird and Mrs. Shelby, I wish to be distinctly understood as applying to that old clown, John Van Trompe, to whom Mr. Bird carried Eliza, also to those old fanatical Quakers, who interested themselves so much for the escape of George and Eliza, together with their young one. While you, in your scandalous book, are careful to degrade such good citizens as Mr. Haley, Messrs. Loker and Marks, — men who, in their respective callings, were entirely within the sanction and laws of the United States, — be it my province, madam, to degrade, rather, those lawless, fraudulent, and wicked persons who aided and abetted the escape of the fugitive property. It was to restrain this mischievous and despicable class that the fugitive slave law of 1850 was passed — a law every way excellent in its character and purposes. Allow me to set forth to you some of the excellences of this wonderful statute; and especially as you, in connection with many others like you, are obviously hostile to an enactment so necessary, so benevolent, and so righteous.

In the first place, this law was demanded for the

sake of preserving the union of these states. The south threatened that, if something of the kind was not granted to the interests of that section of the country, it would withdraw, in a body, from any further political connection with the north; and this awful threat would, doubtless, have been immediately executed, and thus the north would have been ruined. Being unprotected and unassisted by our southern brethren, European nations, England especially, would, under one pretence or another, have made war upon us, and we should have been resubjugated to the British crown, and should have had no more a place among the nations of the earth.

In the second place, this law was recommended and passed by the best men in the nation. What class of men in our whole country can be expected to be so patriotic, enlightened, disinterested, and pure, as the men who compose the national Congress? Do they not stand on the eminence of intelligence and benevolence? Would any man be sent as representative to legislate for this great nation unless he was the very first man in his whole congressional district? Would any other two men be sent to the national Senate than the two most excellent men in the state from which they are sent? And when such a body of men assemble to consult for the interests of this great nation, could they do otherwise than enact the very best laws possible? Nay, is not such a mass of wisdom and benevolence to be set down as well nigh infallible?

But, in the third place, a capital and special beauty of the fugitive law is, that it restores stolen property. Perhaps I have already sufficiently insisted upon this *fact. The security* of property is a primary consider-

ation in every free state, while, in the same degree that there is a want of such security, is there a tendency to anarchy and ruin. Large amounts of southern property, previously to the glorious law of which I write, were annually plundered from citizens of the south. Niggers would, in multitudes of instances, steal themselves, and others, in the Northern States, would be ready to aid them in consummating this terrible crime; so that there was actual danger that some of our southern brethren would, by these frequently-recurring robberies, be really left in destitute circumstances; and they had begun to realize the full force of that scripture which saith that riches take to themselves legs and run away. Under these most painful and distressing circumstances came in this golden statute for the better security of such riches.

Then, in the fourth place, it is an eminent beauty of this law, that while it restores stolen property, it restores it *promptly*. There is no need now of any protracted and vexatious process in order for a slave owner to regain possession of his lost goods. That miserable and fanatical routine of a trial by jury is all dispensed with. The owner, or his agent, comes forward and swears to the identity of the property, and the commissioner, without asking any jury or council, delivers the commodity right over. Is it possible that there could have been any arrangement devised more skilful or more facile? It is true that, in some cases, there may be false swearing for the purpose of identification. This, it appears, was an artifice employed, when necessary, by Professor Marks, as described by yourself; and thus not unfrequently free niggers, and sometimes white people themselves, being

sworn to be slaves, are sent by the commissioner into slavery. I know not that I should fully justify cases of this character, while yet I am free to say that if all this be an evil, it seems to be much less an evil than that slaves should have such opportunities to escape as previous to 1850. Better that ten free niggers should be sent into slavery than that one slave should escape into freedom.

In the fifth place, it is a fine feature of this law that it allows *ten* dollars to the commissioner, in case of his deciding the identity of the slave, and only *five* dollars in the event of his deciding the nigger to be free. This was doubtless designed by the shrewd and benevolent framers of the law to impart an additional stimulus to the commissioner concerned to identify, rather than otherwise. In all probability, a black, being caught, is a fugitive; and, of course, it should almost always be so decided; and hence commissioners should be encouraged to render such a decision,—and especially as, in some cases, there would naturally appear a lack of evidence, so that a slight pecuniary stimulus on the mind of the officer would be indispensable in order to bias him in the right direction.

A sixth delightful feature of the law under consideration is, that it directs and commands all bystanders, and the *posse comitatus* generally, that is, the whole community, to aid, when necessary, in recapturing the plundered merchandise. Our southern brethren are the proper aristocracy of the nation, and correspond mainly to the nobility of monarchical countries. It seems to be decorous and proper, therefore, that the rest of the nation, and especially the people of the *north, who have no* slaves of their own to take care

of, should all engage, whenever necessary, in aiding and serving their southern superiors in recovering their fleeing niggers. How, in fact, could they be better employed than in this useful service? Then, further, this beautiful scheme has a wonderful influence — so to speak — to equalize and nationalize the blessed institution. The south own the niggers, and the north catch them when flying away to freedom, and return them to slavery. Although the comparison may seem in a measure degrading, yet the people of the north may not unaptly be denominated the hunting and chasing hounds for the southern gentry. Thus the whole country is permitted to share, in one or another sense, in this great interest. All are partakers; all are, in an important sense, upon the same platform. This renders the whole country, as I have before written, a slave country. It is all precious slave soil, and there is not one free inch until you cross the fatal line into Britain. Yes, this wholesome law constitutes you, madam, and your reverend husband, and your reverend father and brothers, — all of you, — partners in this glorious institution, which you appear to hate so cordially, and yet so ungratefully. Whenever you or they are commanded by the officer to run after that renegade nigger, you are at once to rush into the street, whether by night or day, and chase him at the top of your speed; you must grab him if possible, while you are not to cry, *Freedom!* but *Slavery! slavery!*

In the seventh place, all this reminds me to add, that a further bright aspect of this fugitive law is, that it forbids all harboring, feeding, comforting, or in any manner helping fugitives to escape. There is to be no

giving bread or drink to them when they come to your door, hungry or thirsty. There is to be no clothing them if naked. There is to be no visiting them when sick or in prison. Now, there are not wanting many weak people who go so far as to assert that what they term the "higher law" requires this feeding and comforting. Amazing! As if there is any law superior to the law of the land; and as if we are not commanded by the Scriptures to obey magistrates and those who hold rule over us. And, besides, why do not these fanatics keep in mind that these runaways are not *persons*, such as the poor alluded to by Christ, but they are mere *property*, *merchandise*, *implements*, *things?* And where do the Scriptures, from Genesis to Revelation, any where give directions to feed, and clothe, and comfort *merchandise?* When will people ever learn the important and happy art of discrimination?

In the eighth place, this fugitive law is admirable and sublime, in view of the fact, that, as I have elsewhere observed, it enlists the entire force of the nation, military as well as civil, for the carrying out of its great provisions. How fully was all this exemplified in the case of the nigger recaptured in Boston! It was a splendid exhibition when that court house was encompassed with chains—when the venerable judges were under the necessity of bowing themselves, and passing under these chains, in order to enter the temple of justice—when the military were called out to escort the fugitive to the wharf. O, in all that fine spectacle was manifest the glorious majesty of law. Then it was that the sword of the nation was drawn, and the nigger was conquered, and the country was *triumphant*, and the dignity of slavery was fully vindicated.

Then, ninthly, in harmony with the other provisions of this excellent law, whenever demanded by the owner, or his agent, a full force shall be granted to accompany him back with his property, so as to preclude the possibility of its being stolen from him again during his journey home. It would seem that this most admirable statute leaves nothing unprovided for, in behalf of the proprietor of fugitive property, and for its safe return to where it belongs.

Finally, and comprehensively, the fugitive law of 1850 is in very exact accordance with the constitution of the United States, as the objects of that constitution are set forth in its preamble. It was established, for example, in order to "form a more perfect union:" the fugitive law is the great conservator of the Union. "To establish justice:" the fugitive law contemplates precisely this object in the restoration of stolen goods to their owners. "To insure domestic tranquillity:" the nation now is to be forever tranquil, the law is a finality, and there is to be allowed no more agitation of the subject of slavery. "To provide for the common defence:" the promotion of slavery will secure the prosperity of the country, and thus prepare it for defending itself against all foreign enemies. "To promote the general welfare:" security of property is essential to such welfare. "To secure the blessings of liberty, to ourselves and to our posterity:" nothing will contribute more fully to this than the complete subjugation of the niggers, in order that, by their labor and sweat, their owners may be at liberty to enjoy themselves as much as they please; while, by the subjugation of all the slave posterity, the posterity of the owners may inherit the luxury and ease of their fathers.

Thus, madam, have I, though very imperfectly, unfolded to you some of the beauties of the law which you condemn. You will do well to read, mark, and inwardly digest.

LETTER IX.

Mr. St. Clare. — His weak Character. — Erroneous Views of Slavery. — Scandalous Expressions respecting it. — Abuse of his Wife. — His sickly Sentimentalism. — His Transfer of Topsy. — Intended Emancipation of Tom. — Prevented by his timely Death.

MADAM: —

Mr. St. Clare is quite a prominent character of your book, and one whom, though you acknowledge him to be somewhat faulty, you yet are careful to clothe with many attractions. You, very obviously, more than half like the man, and, in accordance with your whole despicable object, you contrive to bring him forward as a witness against the institution of slavery. For, although a slaveholder, he appears never to have been fit for one — a mere dreamy, sentimental, semi-fanatical gentleman, who seems never to have been capable of comprehending the great system of slavery. Possessed of a soft and poetical temperament, and having been corruptly educated under the influence of a mother who was herself a fanatic, and who exerted an almost omnipotent influence upon her child, Mr. St. Clare grew up with an entirely confused and wrong view of men and things, that led, in

the sequel, to the most disastrous consequences. He seems to have started off in life with that notion so often alluded to in my preceding letters, and which is so fatal in its influence on the minds of men; namely, that slave niggers are *persons;* that they are a part of our race; that they have the feelings, attachments, and antipathies of human beings; and that they are, though in bondage, to be treated, to a very considerable extent, as human beings. Now, it must be plain, even to the merest child, that any theory of this kind must be utterly fatal to slavery; and therefore such a theory, whether true or false, must be put down at all events. For if we allow that the slaves are men and women, we shall be led, inevitably, to all the execrable notions of the hateful abolitionists of the country. Thus it was with St. Clare. That man, though a holder of slaves, was little else at heart than a veritable abolitionist. He looked at the whole system of southern servitude with ill-concealed scorn and disgust. He scrupled not, at convenient times, to denounce slavery, with all its elegant ramifications and parts. He scorned all attempts to defend slavery from the Holy Scriptures, and scouted and slandered those excellent ministers of the south, who have done such essential service to the system by urging this species of defence. Then his erroneous views naturally exerted a very deleterious influence upon his treatment of his own slaves. Regarding them as *persons*, as belonging to an "unfortunate class," he was criminally indulgent and loose in his discipline, never allowing them to be sent to the calaboose to be whipped in professional style, and never permitting them to be whipped at home, how much soever they deserved it. Under

this loose and careless treatment, his servants became scandalously impudent, lazy, and proud, and came near having their own way in every thing. They were kept scrupulously neat in their dress and appearance, had little to do, and really appeared to enjoy life with very considerable zest.

It is difficult to conceive any thing more ridiculous than all this. Such principles and management are as irreconcilable with slavery as light with darkness; and, under such a regimen, the whole thing would perish in a single generation. But it may be beneficial, as well as curious, to track Mr. St. Clare in a few of his absurdities. Contemplate him, for example, on his arrival home at New Orleans, when his slaves flocked around him so wonderfully glad to see him. He appears almost equally glad to see them, and goes round from one to another, actually shaking hands with them, and uttering pleasant things, precisely as though they were persons, rather than tools. Consider his outrageous and insulting request to his wife that she would permit Mammy to go back to her husband and babies, from which she had been, for some time, separated. Regard, also, his contempt of the eloquent sermon of Rev. Dr. G., as reported to him by his accomplished wife, and in which the reverend doctor so conclusively showed that all the orders and distinctions in society came from God, and that it was so appropriate and beautiful that some should be high, and some low — some to rule, and some to serve; and when he proved so distinctly that the Bible is on the side of slavery. And when Miss Ophelia asked if he did not believe that the Bible justifies slavery, he replied that he *would be very sorry to* think it did, and would as soon

desire to have it proved that his mother could drink brandy, chew tobacco, and swear, by way of satisfying him that he did right in doing the same. Take notice, also, of the ridiculous scene between St. Clare and Tom, when the latter undertook to reprove his master for being intoxicated the night previous. Observe his foolish respect for Tom, and his silly promise to him that he would not be caught in such a scrape again. Now, does such a deference and familiarity as this become a master towards a slave? Is this species of conduct consistent with slavery? And is not this the way to make the slaves the masters, and the masters the slaves? How much more becoming if the master, in this case, had kicked the insulting nigger headlong through the door, and thus taught him his appropriate place. Then, again, hear him, in his utter recklessness and profanity, assert, in a subsequent conversation with Miss Ophelia, that "slavery comes from the devil, and that's the short of it!" And further, he asserts to her as follows: "This cursed business,"—meaning slavery,—"accursed of God and man,—what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong,—because I know how, and *can* do it,—therefore I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over

dryshod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such chance of getting to heaven at last as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery *is*." Now, I have no special fault to find with this description of slavery, except the charge of stealing, and that it came from the devil, and is a cursed business. These three things I deny. Slavery is no stealing, and it came not from the devil, and it is a *blessed* business, rather than cursed; and, even from Mr. St. Clare's own description, the excellency of the institution is sufficiently manifest. How much must it enhance the pleasure of life to have those always at hand to perform all the labor and the disagreeables, and who are, also, perfectly subject to our will — who are born to subserve our own special benefit! Mr. St. Clare seems to complain at this condition of apparent degradation of the niggers. But is it not exactly so with horses, oxen, dogs, and the like? Do we not keep and use these animals for our own use and pleasure, without any particular reference to their own convenience? But hear Mr. St. Clare further. "When," he says, "I have been travelling up and down on our boats, or about on my collecting tours, and reflected that every brutal, disgusting, mean, low-lived fellow I met was allowed by our laws to become absolute despot of as many men, women, and children as he could cheat, steal, or gamble money enough to buy, — when I have seen such men in actual ownership of helpless children, of young girls, and women, — I have been ready to curse my country, to curse the human race." Think what stuff all this is for a slaveholder and a gentleman! As if one *class of men has not* as much right to hold property

as another! I suppose some "mean and low-lived" men own what Mr. St. Clare is pleased to call men, women, and children, and young girls. But do they not also own cows and pigs? And does not the law allow the ownership of one just as much as the other? And are they not, in all respects, property alike? What, then, is the difference? There is evidently perpetual and miserable confusion in this man's brain; and he is more fit, by a great degree, for an abolitionist than for a southern gentleman; and his actual and practical abolition began full soon. That disgusting old maid, styled, by you, "Miss Ophelia," insists upon Topsy's being legally transferred to her; and, by urging the matter, she secured the transfer; and Topsy, alas! is thus wrested from slavery. It appears, further, that he was also making arrangements for the emancipation of Tom—had commenced the process; and, in less than a month more, that nigger would have been a free man, had not a sudden and blessed Providence most fortunately prevented the consummation of such a disgraceful issue. Nay, it is quite likely, as Mr. St. Clare was rapidly becoming a confirmed fanatic, that, had he lived much longer, he would have been left to free every slave in his possession. But, as already suggested, a wise and beneficent Providence interfered; he who was never fit to hold a slave was suddenly snatched away, and thus the way was prepared for his slaves to pass into more worthy and skilful hands, where they would meet with treatment much more becoming their condition. His pampered niggers, consequent upon the death of their master, instead of being emancipated, were handed over to perpetual slavery, and to that wholesome regimen

which genuine slaveholders know very well how to administer to such property.

Here, again, the friends of slavery and the nation itself must rejoice at the triumph of slavery, especially when several of its victims seemed about to escape from its embrace; and while, in our indignation and disgust, we contemplate the easy condition of Mr. St. Clare's slaves, and their almost certain prospect of freedom, how great is our relief as we see their silly master cut down by the assassin's knife, so that he has not a moment of time to effect the freedom even of old Tom! St. Clare dies, — the slaves remain, — the property is secure, — the great and beautiful system is uninvaded and intact.

LETTER X.

The immortal Mrs. St. Clare. — The most eminent of all Women. — Extraordinary Beauty of Body, Mind, and Heart. — A genuine Slaveholder. — Her wholesome Severity with Mammy. — Specimens of savory Instruction to Ophelia. — Her Cowhide. — Her Whipping of the Niggers. — Her sending Rosa to the Calaboose. — Her sublime Process of Reasoning. — Her noble Refusal to emancipate Tom. — Apostrophe.

MADAM: —

From a discussion of the character of Mr. St. Clare, the transition is very natural to that of his lady; and I am utterly unable to describe the pleasure with which I come to notice this most elegant and

exalted personage. I know not what language to employ for the purpose of giving expression to my consummate admiration and love of her sublime character. As Hume represents that were all men, of all ages, to be arrayed in a single class, Sir Isaac Newton would stand at the head of them all, so it has occurred to me that were all the female sex, from Eve down to the latest generation, to be arrayed side by side, Marie St. Clare would undoubtedly head the list. Endowed with an intellect keen, comprehensive, energetic, and peerless, and adorned with every rich and varied accomplishment, and with all learning and wisdom, she was eminently capable of discerning the true nature and relations of things; while to her genius and acquirements were joined a taste and judgment entirely finished and accurate. So, also, the supereminent qualities of her heart appeared in the most delightful correspondence with the sublime strength and beauty of her intellect. Her piety was of the most refined and elegant stamp, and her benevolence and beneficence shone forth with unclouded lustre. In a degree altogether extraordinary and unparalleled does she appear to have possessed the Christian ornaments, such as gentleness, kindness, love, forbearance; while she exhibited, to an extent unequalled in modern times, the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit. And when we consider that all her transcendent graces, both of mind and heart, were accompanied by a person beautiful as the Houries, all whose movements were angelically graceful and attractive, we have presented for our enraptured contemplation a being that has had no equal beneath the sun. And then, to crown the whole, she was an eminent example of slaveholding, and inher-

ited, in her exalted and accomplished nature, all the fine and essential requisites of a true and genuine proprietor of this species of merchandise; and, had it been her allotment to be united to a companion worthy of her, so that she could, without restraint, have carried out her sublime sentiments in full exemplification, she would have been excelled by no one in her grand exhibitions of the strong features of that institution which this nation delights to honor, and to which she was so ardently and devotedly attached.

But we have lingered sufficiently long with generalities. Let us proceed to a brief analysis of this "elect lady," in her distinguished character and qualities: and here, madam, I shall do little else than to track your own analysis, and by the very points and incidents whereby you endeavor to hold up to contempt this charming and beautiful woman, I shall humbly essay to set forth her great virtues, and thus undertake to extract honey even from an unsavory carcass, and to elicit sweetness from out the very heart of corruption.

We are very early led to notice her great patience and forbearance with her selfish body servant Mammy. This lazy servant was accustomed to sleep so sound, that Mrs. St. Clare often had the utmost difficulty to awake her. So delicate was Mrs. St. Clare's health, that she needed constant attention; nor could she, owing to the delicate state of her nerves, allow any other of her servants to attend upon her than Mammy. She therefore needed the attentive services of this nigger every day, and throughout every night; and yet the indolent wench would sometimes fall into a *sound sleep, so that* her mistress was obliged to make

a very exhausting effort to arouse her. This, it appears, was the same servant to whom I alluded in my last letter, and who thought it so hard to be separated from her husband and children. Mrs. St. Clare, very properly, on leaving her father's house, brought away this servant; and, as she had no use for Mammy's husband and young ones, she left them at her father's. Out of the purest kindness and benevolence to her servant, Mrs. St. Clare wished to marry her to another man, and told her, as an inducement, that she would probably never see the man she had left more than once or twice more in her life. Now, what, I ask, could be more indulgent than this advice? Her mistress was perfectly willing that Mammy should take up with another husband, as she was necessarily separated from the one she had been living with. Nay, Mrs. St. Clare afterwards wished that she had insisted on it; but, to use her own language, she "was foolish and indulgent, and did not wish to insist." Who, after such kindness from her benevolent mistress, can refrain from utter indignation at the obstinacy of this slave? Who does not see that it would have been according to her deservings to have been whipped at the calaboose, and then compelled to take up with another husband? But consider, also, the sulkiness of this same slave because she was also, by the lovely Mrs. St. Clare, taken away from her children, and retained away from them. How could her accomplished mistress be troubled with those two dirty young ones? In her delicate state of health she needed the constant and undisturbed attention of her servant. She required her attention all day, and, more or less, every hour during the night; and all this was, of course,

quite inconsistent with her slave's being troubled with her young ones about her. Tracing your account of Mrs. St. Clare, it is really refreshing to notice, farther on in the narrative, some of the profound sentiments of this lady in connection with slavery. "There is no way with servants," she observes to Ophelia, "but to *put them down*, and keep them down." Now, what can be more just and proper than this, and what more consistent with slavery itself? The niggers are to "be put down and kept down:" obviously no other course of management can sustain the system. Again, speaking to Ophelia of the niggers, she remarks, profoundly, "You don't know what a provoking, stupid, careless, unreasonable, childish, ungrateful set of wretches they are." Who, except this talented lady, could, in so few words, have described, with such accuracy, the character of these cattle? And how free is that burst of indignation with which she replied to the foolish question of Ophelia, as the old maid asked Mrs. St. Clare, "Don't you believe the Lord made them of one blood with us?" "No, indeed, not I! A pretty story, truly! They are a degraded race!" With such wonderful facility, and in so few and comprehensive words, was this eminent lady able to settle a question which has attracted the attention and the investigation of some of the greatest scholars of our time. The acute reasoning of Mrs. St. Clare, as above quoted, has settled the great question of the identity of races; and it is now transparently clear that niggers are a lower order of beings, a sort of intermediate link between man and the ape; whence follows the all-important deduction, that, as they are so nearly allied to the *brutes, they may be* treated very much like them, for

the benefit of those who are their masters and owners. "As to putting them," she continues, "on any sort of equality with us, as if we could be compared, why, it's impossible." How very important, as well as true, is this observation! For it is from losing sight of this truth, and judging of niggers from our own sentiments and feelings under particular circumstances, that very much of the fallacy on the subject of slavery arises. If people generally, like the elegant Mrs. St. Clare, would only compare the slaves with other cattle, instead of comparing them with human beings, the main difficulty which many have with slavery would fade away in a moment. This difficulty, as we have seen, was the grand trouble with Mr. St. Clare. If this gentleman had entertained the lofty and wholesome sentiments of his incomparable wife, he never would have been heard attempting to convince that lady that her keeping Mammy from her husband was like keeping Mrs. St. Clare from hers; or that her keeping Mammy from her children was like his wife's being kept from Eva. Listen to her charming response to all this miserable language. "There's no comparing in this way. Mammy cannot have the feelings that I should. It's a different thing altogether — of course it is." Who can help admiring the oracular authority of these high and precious truths, coming, as they do, from the lips of beauty and of goodness, and so balmy and exhilarating to the ear of slavery? Hence often have I been most deeply amazed by the following pathetic and profoundly affecting declaration coming from the same immaculate lips. Still discoursing to Ophelia of the indulgence so foolishly granted to their servants by her husband, and with which her superior

mind had no sympathy, she adds, "I keep my cowhide about, and sometimes I do lay it on; but the exertion is always too much for me. If St. Clare would only have this thing done as others do — send them to the calaboose, or some of the other places, to be flogged." I ask, Who can refrain from being affected to tears at this picture? Behold the cowhide,— the cowhide in that white and delicate hand, — that white and delicate hand laying it on to the aggravating and lazy wretches, and the over-exertion to which this angelical woman is thus cruelly subjected. There is her slothful and criminally-indulgent husband, possessing a man's strength, and able to apply the lash to purpose, yet never striking a blow, but leaving all the whipping that is ever done in the family to be performed by his frail and delicate wife. Let us pause to contemplate her amid one of these scenes. See her, in the midst of her righteous indignation, seize the cowhide. See her, that beautiful lady, with her vinaigrette in one hand, and her whip in the other, chasing after that whelp of a nigger. Now she lays on heartily; but, alas! in her feebleness, she is unable to keep up with the fleeing imp, — she falls back out of breath and exhausted, — she retires to her lounge, applies the vinaigrette to her nose, and finds a slight relief after the superabundant exertion. Who can wonder that, after such vexatious exercises, added to all her other toils, this captivating lady should find her health declining? And who that has any of the feelings and sentiments of a man but must scorn such a husband as he to whom the unfortunate Mrs. St. Clare was affianced? Why had he no regard for his wife? Why did he not, at *her earnest entreaty*, send that impudent Adolph and

those two self-conceited females, Rosa and Jane, to the calaboose to be appropriately whipped? Base man! who thus might so easily and cheaply gratify his most amiable companion, to decline the favor, and leave her to pine away in her sorrows and disappointments!

But let us proceed to notice other specimens of the singular equanimity and strength of intellect evinced by Mrs. St. Clare, accompanied also by the most striking illustrations of the goodness and loveliness of her heart. Thus the wench called "Prue," for example, was whipped to death for obstinacy; the inexperienced and fanatical Miss Ophelia, in her simpleness, thought it a most dreadful thing, and was almost as enraged about it as if this same Prue had been one of her own race. "An abominable business, perfectly horrible!" she exclaims to Mr. St. Clare. "Ain't you going to do any thing about it? It is perfectly outrageous; it is horrid, Auguste! It will certainly bring down vengeance upon you. How can you shut your eyes and ears? How can you let such things alone?"

What a greenhorn was this wonderful Miss Ophelia St. Clare, of Vermont! This paragon of wisdom seems never to have learned, though hard on towards fifty, that a man has a right to do what he will with his own. But what a contrast when we turn to listen to the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. St. Clare on the same occasion! "Well, now!" she says to Ophelia, "I know it's impossible to get along with some of these creatures. They are so bad, they ought not to live. I don't feel a particle of sympathy for such cases." Here shines out the real lady, — the woman of strength and firmness, — who forbears to suffer her

feelings to warp her judgment; who possesses a well-balanced view, and regards things as they are. This Prue was an ugly *thing*, a most rebellious, and vexatious, and filthy animal. She was, consequently, put out of the way, to the relief of Mrs. St. Clare, and all other pure and high-minded people.

But it was not till after this gracious lady was providentially and happily rid of her imbecile husband, that her illustrious character shone forth in all its dazzling brilliancy. During her life with St. Clare, she had been crushed and restrained. But when the estate, with all that pertained to it, came under her own management, then it was that her great talents and extraordinary piety became fully manifest. The wretches of servants at once anticipated different times, and were filled with consternation at the idea of coming under the efficient and wholesome rule of their mistress. The ungodly husband, in his lifetime, had maliciously kept her from exercising that appropriate discipline which she perfectly well knew how to administer. But now that oppressive barrier was removed, and she was at liberty. Accordingly, it was but a few days after the funeral of her husband, that she ordered the pert and self-conceited miss, called Rosa, to be conducted to the calaboose for a sound whipping. Rosa, who, it appears, was almost white, and rather comely withal, and who had always been treated, like the other niggers, with criminal indulgence and lenity, was quite struck up with the order of her mistress. She flies to Miss Ophelia to intercede. Ophelia runs to interfere, and indulges in some foolish observations to Mrs. St. Clare, by way of persuading her, if possible, to forgive the delinquent, or

to punish her in some less shameful way. But the noble mistress is firm and inflexible. Rosa has been spoiled — she shall be brought down and humbled. She shall go to the calaboose, be stripped by a man, and appropriately whipped.

Note the strength and elegance of the mistress's declarations to Ophelia. "I'll bring her down — I'll make her lie in the dust. I mean to shame her — that's just what I want! I'll teach her that, with all her airs, she's no better than the raggedest black wench that walks the streets! She'll take no more airs with me!"

Thus, with these and many other similar expressions, all so illustrative of her beautiful character, she rejected with proper dignity the intercessions of old aunt Ophelia; and Miss Rosa, with all her delicacy and fine features, was led off to the calaboose, there to be stripped by the professor of castigation, and receive fifteen lashes, well laid on. It is true the slave had not committed so serious an offence as might be. Having received a smart slap on the face from her mistress, she impudently said something disrespectful. But this was all-sufficient, and Mrs. St. Clare perceived that a strong cowhiding, given her by an athletic man, on her naked limbs, would probably be highly useful; and her fervent conscientiousness would not permit her to withhold the requisite discipline. Her deep knowledge of Scripture had taught her that he that spareth the rod spoileth the child; and she easily inferred that it would more especially spoil niggers.

There are not wanting people, who, like Ophelia, would disapprove this act of discipline in Mrs. St. Clare. But such should learn to reason on the broad

principles ever entertained and cherished by this eminent lady, as well as by all the higher class of minds.

The nations of the earth must be edified and instructed by the example of liberty and happiness which we, as a people, enjoy. Therefore, —

This great nation must be permanent for a spectacle to all the other nations. Therefore, —

The union of these states must be preserved. Therefore, —

Slavery, the grand cement of the Union, must be guarded and cherished most assiduously by the whole nation. Therefore, —

The enslaved niggers must be brought down, and kept down. Therefore, —

Multitudes of them must be wholesomely whipped. Therefore, —

Rosa, in the present case, must have fifteen lashes or more, well laid on.

Such is the sublime chain whereby every whipping of niggers, every lash at the calaboose, every shrinking and writhing of nigger flesh, every lacerated and bleeding neck and bosom of whipped girls, every cathauling along the gory backs of fainting and agonized wretches; such, I say, is the sublime chain whereby all of these are jointly and severally connected with the great interests of men, and the final illumination, elevation, and happiness of the human race. But I am aware that these refined and enchanting views are much too lofty for the masses to understand or appreciate, while to throw them out before you, madam, and other low and grovelling minds like you, would be little better than casting pearls before *swine.*

We will proceed, therefore, to a final view of the peerless Mrs. St. Clare. Tom, it seems, after his master's death, finding that he and other servants were to be sold, and the establishment broken up, employed Miss Ophelia to petition his mistress for his liberty, urging that it was the intention of his master to give him his freedom. Miss Ophelia, accordingly, goes again to Mrs. St. Clare for the purpose of representing the case, and pleads earnestly in Tom's behalf. "Augustine," said she, "promised Tom his liberty, and began the legal forms necessary to it. I hope you will use your influence to have it perfected."

"Indeed, I shall do no such thing!" was the noble reply of Mrs. St. Clare. "Tom," she continues, "is one of the most valuable servants on the place; it could not be afforded any way. Besides, what does he want of liberty? He's a great deal better off as he is."

I confess that I am again almost breathless with admiration at the sententious, concentrated wisdom of these few propositions. First, the value of Tom. Who would wantonly throw away one of the finest and most valuable articles of property in his possession? Who would do this, even though a deluded husband or wife, who once owned the article, had insanely contemplated such a sacrifice? How could the eminent piety of this seraphic woman permit her to do such a thing? Had she not learned from Scripture the sacred principles of frugality and economy — that she was to gather up the fragments that remain, so that nothing be lost; that she should increase her five talents, instead of diminishing them; that unless she provided for her own, that she would deny the faith, and be worse than an infidel? I admire the prudent and masterly care of her

property, as she responds to Ophelia, that such a sacrifice "could not be afforded any way." Consider also her unbounded benevolence to Tom, as she assures Ophelia that he is "a great deal better off as he is." In that remark is revealed her genuine sympathy, her almost weeping tenderness for Tom. Emancipation would, she foresees, be ruin to him. She longs for his welfare — she loves his present and eternal interests. She desires to sell him, so that thus she may not only realize a handsome sum of money from the sale, but also that, passing into the hands of a suitable master, he may be properly worked, disciplined, chastised, and humbled, and thus saved from becoming a "mean, worthless fellow."

At this point Miss Ophelia impudently reminds Mrs. St. Clare that it was one of the last wishes of her husband that Tom should have his liberty, and that it was one of the promises which he made to Eva when she was upon her death bed. Now, who might describe the utter gracelessness and ugliness of bringing all this up to the mind of the dear Mrs. St. Clare? But was she influenced by it? It is true she was, for a moment, overcome, and complained gently of the awkward and hard-hearted Ophelia for such suggestions, rightly told her it was very inconsiderate; and the injured lady sobbed and gasped for breath, and called for Mammy, and asked for fresh air and the camphor bottle, and that her dress might be unhooked. I mourn with her under these terrible sufferings; and my sympathies are most deeply and tenderly exercised whenever I call up, as I often do, this melancholy scene. But, happily for slavery, for the *nation, for the* world, it proved not fatal. The in-

trepid and strong mind of this charming lady was seen to rise serenely and sublimely above the storm. She is wonderfully supported and comforted. The day following, Tom and Adolph have to take up their line of march to the slave warehouse, to await the next auction of such articles as they; while, on the appointed day, they are both sold to suitable purchasers, and for a sum of money that convinced their former matchless mistress more than ever of her wisdom in thus disposing of them.

This is the closing act which we shall notice of this intellectual, this accomplished, this most pious and benevolent lady. Never had the noble institution of slavery a more elegant, strict, and consistent exemplifier of its grandeur and its blissfulness. Charming Marie St. Clare! O, how I love and cherish thy beautiful memory! How I admire the majestic and massive grandeur of thy transcendent and magnificent intellect! How I weep in ecstasy at the celestial beauty and richness of thy gushing affections! How am I lost in astonishment at the multiplicity and splendor of thy supernal virtues! How I stand in awe at the contemplation of thy august and matchless beauty! How —— But I must pause: all language is lame.

"Come, then, expressive Silence, muse (her) praise!"

LETTER XI.

Eva. — Her Ostentation and Self-conceit. — Echo of her Father. — Officious Attention to Mr. Haley's Niggers. — Proper Treatment of Niggers during the Middle Passage. — Eva's Acquaintance with Tom. — Persuades her Father to purchase him. — Her absurd Concern about Mammy. — Her abominable Sentiments respecting Slaves and Slavery. — Her foolish Talk with Tom about his Wife and Children. — Her treasonable Talk with her Mother. — Necessity of subduing the Intellect of the Niggers. — Eva's ridiculous Conduct towards Henrique and his Groom. — Superintending Providence.

MADAM: —

I suppose that, in such a series of letters as this, yourself and others will think it indecorous to pass over without notice the little girl Evangeline St. Clare. I know not, however, that I have much to say of her. It is hardly worth while to take notice of children, or what they say and do. They have little or no judgment, and the medium through which they view things is well known to be generally fallacious. You, madam, obviously think Eva, as you call her, was a very wonderful child — an extraordinary specimen of precocity of intellect, as well as strength and maturity of her moral nature and sentiments. You are quite disposed to contemplate her as some being little less than an angel of light and love — too ethereal and unworldly to remain long an inhabitant of this lower creation. You will not, probably, be greatly surprised when I inform you that I entertain entirely different

sentiments respecting this little miss. It is easy to see, even through your colored presentation of the child, that she was an ostentatious and self-conceited little urchin; and having the advantage of a very good memory, she had retained in her mind many of the silly sayings and sentiments of her deluded father, whom, in her waywardness and perversity, she seems to have prized and imitated far more than she did her beautiful and illustrious mother. In fact, she seemed to pride herself on being a kind of *fac-simile* of her foolish father; and he, in his inveterate folly, appears to place the most of his attentions and affections upon this spoiled child. Regarding her, therefore, as a sort of echo of her father, and considering that she, too visibly, is the idol of quite a multitude who delight themselves in reading your book, I suppose I must render a passing notice to this miss, so far, especially, as she comes in contact with the glorious institution which it is the main purpose of these letters to illustrate and vindicate. I beg you, therefore, to note that, while I trace some of the shallow expressions and sentiments of this little upstart, I do so, not because what she says is of any importance as coming *from her*, but only as being, unhappily, the sentiments of thousands who have no more brains than had Eva herself.

How dignified must you consider your narrative to be, madam, when you are so foolishly employing your pen, and that with so much zest, in describing Eva's attention to Mr. Haley's chained gang of slaves on board the boat! What if she did look at them with "sorrowful earnestness," and "lift their chains with her slender hands, and then sigh wofully"?

worth your while to attempt to interest the reading public with such trivial matters as this? And what if she was so officious as to distribute candy, nuts, and oranges among them? Was that worth noticing, except by the owner himself? Had he known of such conduct, he would probably have ordered her off, and forbidden any more interference of the kind. All such conduct as this, whether in children of larger or smaller growth, is evil, and only evil continually, and does but tend to render the niggers dissatisfied with their condition; and is, of consequence, detrimental to the system. Let slaves be well chained and manacled when on the middle passage; keep them out of sight in some remote and uncomfortable part of the boat, where passengers and children would not think of going; feed them twice a day with coarse bannock and a little river water; allow no talking among themselves, and no whimpering or sighing; and inure them to hard and wholesome discipline. A course like this will be much better for them as slaves — better for the system, better for the Union, for the nation, and for the world of mankind in general.

Eva's scraping acquaintance with Tom is sufficiently ridiculous and disgusting; and Tom, as was very natural, was equally forward in scraping acquaintance with the miss; while her tumbling into the river, and being rescued from drowning by Tom officiously blundering in after her, and rescuing her, seems to have fully consummated the friendship between these two worthies. And nothing would do but Mr. St. Clare must buy Tom of Mr. Haley for Miss Eva's special gratification.

As this child was wisely destined to an early death,

it has seemed to me almost a pity that she had not been drowned on the occasion of her falling into the river. It is true such an event would have been very afflicting to St. Clare; but this would not be very consequential, while thus Tom would have had a more appropriate destiny than his lazy life at New Orleans, and, under a different kind of master, would have been obliged to bestir himself more in accordance with his condition. Much other mischief would, in the event supposed, have been prevented, some of which will develop itself as we proceed.

Presently the purchasing of Tom takes place, St. Clare, always dreamy and shallow, consulting, in his bargain for Tom, merely the wishes of his child. Behold her, while her father is negotiating with Mr. Haley, putting her arms around her father's neck, and urging on the purchase. "I want him!" she says. "What for, Pussy?" replies the father. "I want to make him happy!" adds the little simpleton. Now, how abominable that a child should be so brought up and instructed as to come, at so early an age too, to entertain such scandalous notions! It is these and kindred ideas gaining possession of the mind that work incalculable mischief upon the cherished institution. This wonderful miss wanted Tom for the purpose of making him happy! She did not want him, it seems, to serve her. She wanted him, rather, that she might serve him. This very expression ought to have induced her father to refuse the purchase, and to chastise his child, instead of gratifying her. But he proceeds, notwithstanding, buys Tom at an extravagant price, and hands the black lout over to his little ignorant and wilful child, to give her an opportunity of

making him happy, forsooth! The girl's noble mother ought to have stood in the place of her husband in this transaction, in which event old Tom would have been obliged to find his happiness under somewhat different circumstances. But Tom is bought, and Eva hastens to him to whisper of the "good times" he would have in the family, and that her "papa was very good to every body."

The party arrive at New Orleans, at the home of Mr. St. Clare, when follows Miss Eva's salutation of the niggers, running up to them, apparently as joyful to see them as if they were a part of her friends and kindred, shaking hands with them, kissing them, making them presents, and the like. I am more and more filled with indignation at St. Clare for allowing such things in his establishment. What sort of slavery can there be where such conduct is allowed? when children must be indulged with niggers in order to make these same niggers happy? and when children are allowed to kiss, pamper, and flatter them? The whole process is an absurdity and an abomination, tending directly to sap the foundation of the institution, and to snap the union of these American states.

I am also incensed with this Eva on the occasion of her begging her mother to permit her to attend upon her for one night in order to relieve Mammy. "I think," she says, "that Mammy is not well. She told me her head ached all the time, lately." And so this officious Miss Eva desires to take the nigger's place, in order that the nigger might rest; or, to use her own language in another case, in order to make the nigger happy. In other words, she petitioned that she might *be the slave* herself. No language can tell the disas-

trous influence of all such management. All this regard for slaves, as if they were a part of our own race, breeds perpetual and intolerable mischief. But this headstrong, half-insane child could never learn the lesson from her angelical mother, that there is no other way to treat niggers than to put them down, and keep them down — down in the very dust.

Next follows the ridiculous farce of Eva's lending Mammy her gold vinaigrette to relieve her headache. Her mother ascertains the fact, and, in her righteous indignation, commands her child to go and take it back in a moment. Here her abusive husband interferes, and says that Eva should do as she pleased about the matter. Thus, under this most disastrous management, the nigger actually enjoys Eva's gold vinaigrette during half a day at church. Is it possible to conceive any thing more incongruous and improper, or more dangerous to the great interests?

Precisely of a piece with the foregoing is the conversation of Eva with her father after the return of the family from church on the same day. St. Clare had been advancing to his wife and Ophelia a budget of his fanaticism about slavery, when his daughter happens into the room. He turns to her, as if her opinion was of any worth, and asks her mind as to what was "the best way of living" — as in Vermont, or to have a house full of servants. Eva replies, "Our way, of course, is the pleasantest, because it makes so many more round you to love, you know." In my indignation I ask if sentiments like that are to be considered otherwise than treasonable? A house full of slaves the pleasantest and best, for the reason that there are more to love! Niggers, then, are to be loved,

caressed, cherished; and this is the great use of the institution! A paragon of wisdom, truly, must this marvellous Eva have been! The whole country should unite, to a man, against the diffusion, against even the softest mention, of such horrible, and dangerous, and diabolical doctrines. I hereby call the attention of the nation to this rank anti-slavery expression. I appeal to every friend of slavery if such a sentiment is not in direct hostility to the system, and if the system would not at once break down, were such sentiments to become prevalent. No truth is clearer to my mind in the broad universe. If niggers are to be *loved* instead of *whipped*, — if they are to be managed and regarded as beings of one blood with us, instead of as horses, — then slavery is down. I do not mean that there is to be no kind of love to niggers. But how are they to be loved? As fellow-beings? Never, never. I repeat to you that this would upset slavery in an hour. How, then, are they to be loved? I answer, that they are to be loved in the character they actually sustain; that is, they are to be loved as property — loved as we love a fat and merchantable ox, sheep, or pig — loved for the amount of cash they will bring by sale, or the amount they will produce by their labor and sweat. This is the appropriate love for niggers, and this is the only kind of love at all consistent with our blessed system of servitude.

We observe another specimen of absurdity in this perverse little girl, in her conversation with Tom about his wife and children. Referring to the letter that she had just been aiding him to write to them, she exclaims, "How pleased your wife will be, and the *poor* little children! O, it's a shame you ever had to

go away from them!" Here comes up again the very essence of abolition. This sentence means that slavery is a shame, and can mean nothing else. "I mean to ask papa to let you go back some time." That is, she means to ask her father to perpetrate the horrid crime of emancipation; and her father would have committed the deed at her request, without a doubt, but that he was, as we have before observed, providentially prevented.

It would seem that evil was really bound up in the heart of this wayward child, called Eva; and the depravity of her nature was perpetually exhibiting itself in various uncouth conversations. We find her, one day, with her beautiful and excellent mother, (how could there be such a mother to such a child!) and suddenly she inquires, "Mamma, why don't we teach our servants to read?" In vain her mother explains to her child the absurdity of such a thing, telling her that the slaves would not work any better, and that they are not made for any thing else but work. "But they ought," resumes the little impertinent miss, "to read the Bible to learn God's will;" and then follows much more of the same kind of nonsense. In such gross ignorance was this Eva thus far brought up that she seems never to have known before that teaching niggers to read, &c., was irreconcilable with slavery. She ought to have been taught that it would be much more consistent, were the thing possible, to teach horses and oxen to read; for these could not be supposed to make any vicious use of such an acquirement. But niggers, in accordance with the lofty sentiments of Mrs. St. Clare, must be kept down. All they have to do is to work, work, work; and every species of

knowledge is to be religiously withheld from them that tends to render them discontented with their enslaved condition. It is for this reason that the excellent laws of most of the slave states forbid all teaching of the niggers to read. Books! why, these would let in the light immediately upon the nigger mind. They would begin to conceive notions of liberty; and, could they read, like white people, the very acquirement would be likely to suggest the inquiry with them whether they might not be human beings like ourselves, and therefore possessing some claims to freedom. Hence all learning, except how to perform their daily tasks, is to be zealously forbidden to these creatures. Even if they should read the Bible only, the consequences would not be otherwise than disastrous. For although this book, as has been often shown by eminent ministers of the south, upholds slavery in the general, yet there are some passages (probably corruptions of the text) which do appear to teach differently. For example, I believe there is something taught about undoing heavy burdens, and letting the oppressed go free; and opening prison doors to such as are bound; and doing as we would be done by; and about the Lord's making of one blood all nations to dwell on all the face of the earth, and such like doctrines; which, however true they may be when rightly interpreted, would yet be unwholesome and unsavory for niggers to ponder over and talk about. I repeat it: every thing like elevation and mental improvement of these slaves must be sternly and everlastingly discouraged, forbidden, put down, and routed. It is clearly impossible to sustain and perpetuate slavery, if the slaves are to be managed *according to any* such policy. Degradation, crush-

ing, keeping them under feet — this is the policy imperatively demanded by the interests of slavery, and by the welfare of the nation and the world.

But the grossest exhibition of this crazy young one, called Eva, was when her magnificent mother showed her the diamond necklace which she wore at her first ball, and which she promised to Eva when she should come out. "I wish I had them," (the jewels,) said she, "to do what I pleased with." "What would you do then?" asks the mother. "I'd sell them, and buy a place in the free states, and take all our people there, and hire teachers to teach them to read and write."

There is a specimen for the contemplation of this nation. Here is emancipation with a vengeance! O, how lamentable that such detestable ideas should gain possession of the mind of a child! Thus are we compelled to behold the working of this corrupt leaven of abolitionism even in the very heart of slavery. Let every patriot have an eye to this concealed, yet ever-active serpent that is thus seeking to destroy the very lifeblood of the nation.

We have still another exhibition of this Eva on the occasion of her ride with her cousin Henrique. Henrique's groom had brought his horse somewhat soiled by rolling after he had been rubbed down and led from the stable. Henrique, according to your account, struck Dodo, the groom, across the face with his riding whip, forced him on to his knees, and beat him till he was out of breath. Now, this was, doubtless, a wholesome discipline, and, as Henrique observed to Eva, after administering the whipping, if he did not deserve it then, the chastisement might go for some

time when he should deserve it, and fail of getting it. But all this sound reasoning had no influence on Miss Eva. She affects great indignation against her cousin for whipping his groom; calls him cruel and wicked; tells him that Dodo did not deserve the whipping; that the dust upon the horse was an accident, and much other such like stuff. Then, to crown the whole, after she had mounted her horse, she leans over towards the little nigger, and, as he relinquished the reins to her, called him a good boy, and thanked him!

Now, if this had not been an impudent, meddlesome, and low-lived child, she would have taken no notice whatever of such a trifling matter as the chastisement of a nigger, whether he was deserving of it or not. But she was always affecting great compassion for these creatures, and pretends that she wished to see them happy, and the like. She reminds Tom, one day, of those "poor creatures," as she called them, that were on the boat when they returned to New Orleans. "Some had lost their mothers," she said, "and some their husbands, and some mothers cried for their little children — and about poor Prue: O, was not that dreadful? and a great many other times I've felt that I would be glad to die if my dying would stop all this misery. I *would die* for them, Tom, if I could."

Now, who ever heard of a ranker specimen of fanaticism than all this? This wonderfully pious and good Miss Eva, it appears, was ready to die for the niggers; so much did she love them! Then, in a subsequent colloquy with her father, she speaks of feeling "sad for our poor people. I wish, papa, they were *free*." And when her father asked her if she did not think they were

well enough off now, she responds, "O, but, papa, if any thing should happen to you, what would become of them? Think of poor old Prue's owners. What hard things people do, and can do! Papa, isn't there any way to have all slaves made free?" And much other similar rigmarole followed, while St. Clare evidently more than half sympathized with his child.

But I am weary of tracing this case further. The child died shortly; and thus the world was rid of one who, had she lived, would have, unquestionably, exerted a pernicious influence against the best interests of society.

Thus we see that a superintending Providence always, in one and another manner, interferes for the conservation of human welfare. Subtle and dangerous enemies annoy and put in jeopardy the great cause of righteousness. But it becomes us to be well assured that not one of all these evil influences shall prosper. They shall be brought down to the dust. Thou shalt diligently seek them, but they shall not be found.

LETTER XII.

Ophelia St. Clare. — New England. — Country described. — Semi-barbarism of the Inhabitants. — Their mournful Lack of Intellect, Education, Religion, Social Comfort, and elegant Accomplishments, generally. — Their fanatical Hatred of Slavery. — Ophelia a correct Representative of New England. — General Description. — Her Success in the Emancipation of Topsy. — Distressing Result to the End of Time.

MADAM: —

I had not thought to give any particular notice to the old maid, Miss Ophelia St. Clare, of Vermont. But in consideration of her being a somewhat fair representative of New England mind, attainments, and manners, I have, on this account, changed my purpose, and have determined to devote a few lines to her ladyship.

It is well understood that New England, while it is the smallest, is also the most insignificant and worthless portion of this great confederacy. Lying far up in the north-east corner of the Union, and stretching away a long distance towards Labrador and Greenland, it is physically a rough and sightless region, whose horrid winters last nearly half the year, — while the soil is generally poor and barren, and cultivated with great difficulty.

The inhabitants correspond very exactly with the roughness and uncouthness of the country. In general, they are an uncultivated and disagreeable people, *remaining at least* a century behind the times. It is

easy to distinguish a New Englander wherever you may chance to meet him. He will probably be a full-grown, square-built, and ungraceful person, with a long, coarse, and impudent face, and feeling himself at perfect liberty to look any one in the eye. He walks upright, and rather quick, as if he were upon some business which he considers important. He is intolerably plain and direct in his speech, delivering forth his sentiments without a blush, unless deterred, as he often may be, by considerations of prudence or policy. He is not remarkable for uttering his ideas rapidly, but he assumes a certain dogged coolness and deliberation which are frequently as annoying as they are tedious and disgusting; so that although these Yankees will make out to speak at some rate or other, yet there is scarcely an orator among the whole of them.

So, also, there are few really great and comprehensive minds through all that inhospitable region of country. It is true there is a moderate species of genius observed even among these half-barbarous people. Thus, for instance, I noticed of late, in one of the New York papers, that out of a list of fifty or more patents granted in one week, only two of the patentees lived out of New England. But where, in all the six New England states, shall we go to find, after all, one single mighty mind?

Then, further, education is at a very low ebb. It is true they abound in colleges and academies, while the common school system is said to be rigidly supported, and very successful in each of the states; and it must be allowed that there is a considerable number of decent-appearing school houses in the villages and towns. But the system of education, from

the primary school up to the university, is lamentably cramped and illiberal, so that but few New England minds seem capable of entertaining any large and noble views of the true relations of things. It is granted that there are some slight exceptions to these remarks, particularly when New England people emigrate from their native hills and fastnesses, and more particularly if they chance to emigrate into the more free and enlightened regions of the south. It has been known that Yankees who have taken this judicious and fortunate course have, in repeated instances, arisen to be tolerably decent people, and retaining, after a series of years, but few of the repulsive peculiarities of their native country.

Then, further, New England presents a deplorable aspect in a religious point of view. There is to be seen, we must grant, an abundance of churches. You can, in fact, travel nowhere, throughout all that desolate region, without encountering them. One can hardly refrain from being vexed at the multiplicity of their places of worship. And there is also a numerous attendance on public worship. But there is a world of fanaticism bound up with their religion. Being descended, most of them, from the dreary old Puritan stock, there is manifest a certain rigid and cheerless severity of sentiment and doctrine. All innocent and genteel swearing, pleasant excursions on the Sabbath, balls and assemblies, theatrical entertainments, social drinking, and divers other harmless pastimes and amusements, are all placed under the ban by the Yankee religion. And in their preaching, especially in what are termed the evangelical churches, you will hear but little that is lofty or agreeable in sentiment.

There is much insisting on what is denominated repentance, faith, regeneration, holy living, redemption, atonement, last judgment, heaven, hell, and such like antiquated dogmas. You will hear but little preaching that is suited to gratify a refined taste, or elevate the feelings. Then their manner is as repulsive, almost, as the matter preached. There is little or no genuine pulpit oratory.

Further, the social habits of the New Englanders are extremely low-lived and mean. Although there is some wealth there, yet in a vast multitude of instances, especially in the country towns and villages, there are very few servants, often not more than one or two in a family, while, in a multitude of families, and that, too, where they make some pretensions to good society, the mothers and daughters actually consent to be their own servants, and degrade themselves so much as to wait upon themselves. And then it is to be understood that, where they have one or more servants, they consider themselves under obligations to pay them regular wages, and consider their servants almost as good as themselves.

So deeply rooted and fatally prevalent is the fanaticism of this people, that the general sentiment of that part of the country is said to be anti-slavery — while it is believed that there is not a single slave from Long Island Sound to the Canada line. Nor is this all; for, not content with discountenancing slavery among themselves, multitudes of them denounce it every where. Here is the hotbed of that worst of all pestilences, *abolitionism*, which has wrought so much mischief for the last twenty years, and whose aim is, by organization, by the press, by lectures, and every

other despicable means within its power, to turn the tide of public opinion against the most salutary and wholesome of all institutions — that institution which is the bulwark of our liberties, the cement of our Union, the glory of our country, the happiness of our community, the salvation of our nation.

Thus is this contemptible New England an unseemly and unsavory excrescence attached to our otherwise happy and prosperous country, and was well said, by an eminent southern minister, to be a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet and destroy all that is beautiful and good.

After the above intelligent description of New England people and manners, you and your readers, madam, will be prepared to understand and appreciate the old maid named at the commencement of this letter. A starched, stiff, homely figure, possessing a certain kind of sense, but utterly devoid of any graceful or lovely accomplishment, exhibiting no ease, no attractiveness, nothing of the *suaviter in modo*, and sufficient to turn, like the Gorgon's head, every one into stone whose eyes should chance to fall upon her. She evidently had no mean share of the prudence and caution characteristic of the people where she was brought up. She was not without self-control, and could, at times, refrain from speaking when she thought such restraint would be for her interest. Yet it ought to be well understood that this woman was charged to the brim with abolitionism. At times, the caldron would boil over, and pour its sickening contents furiously forth, to the amusement of the shallow-brained St. Clare, and to the utter astonishment and horror of his most accomplished, most magnificent, and benign companion.

As I have, in several instances, alluded to one and another of her expressions, I shall excuse myself from much further particularity in reference to so worthless a character. I think I have already hinted how much I despise her for her officious interference for the freedom of Tom. This was precisely congenial with the accursed abolitionism of this trollop, and she used what influence she was able to induce her demented cousin to emancipate all his slaves at once. I know not how, by any means, to express my indignation at her successful application for the emancipation of Topsy. With genuine New England obtrusiveness and audacity, she said to St. Clare, one day, "Augustine, whose is this child to be? Yours or mine?" "Why, I gave her to *you*," replies her cousin; and this would have been sufficient for any one but for a New England old maid. "But not legally," she rejoins. "I wish her to be mine legally. I want her mine, that I may take her to the free states, and give her her liberty." St. Clare promises the legal transfer at some suitable time; but all this would not do. "I want it done now," says the impudent jade. "I want to make sure of it. You may die, or fail, and then Topsy be hustled off to auction," &c. And lo! the most imprudent, most provoking St. Clare, seeing, as he says, that he was "in the hands of a Yankee," actually sits right down and writes off a deed of gift, calls his wife to witness it in due form, and hands it over to this his grasping cousin.

All this was the more aggravating, inasmuch as it occurred just previous to St. Clare's sudden death; so that, had he delayed the matter a little, as he was inclined to do, Topsy would have been saved to slavery,

and never have fallen into the clutches of this horrid New England woman. But she impudently and unrighteously pushed the matter, and her too easy cousin, alas! yielded, and the deed was done forever!

Not so rapid was the success of this same old maid when she made application to Marie St. Clare for the emancipation of clumsy old Tom, just after the death of St. Clare. She had sterner stuff to deal with here — a brave, dignified, noble heart, and a heart she could not touch with all her Yankee craftiness. In vain she pleaded the intentions and will of her cousin. The beloved and elegant Marie knew too well the value of her property, and Ophelia retired from her presence empty handed, while Tom, as was meet, goes straight to the auction block. There ought Topsy to have gone also. I sigh as I meditate what a nice addition would thus have been made to the purse of the most excellent and accomplished of women. But Topsy belongs to the graceless Ophelia, and is now, I am fearfully suspicious, free among the savages of Vermont.

"One sinner destroyeth much good." It will not be known till the great consummation of all things what is the amount of disastrous influence flowing forth from the visit of Miss St. Clare at New Orleans. This Topsy may be the mother of ten, the grandmother of a hundred, the great-grandmother of a thousand niggers, and so on in the like progression to the end of time; all of which multitude of her posterity, but for this miserable old maid, would have been slaves, and associated with all the striking peculiarities of our incomparable slavery. O, what an acquisition! and how much would thus have been contributed to the *union, to the durability*, to the inflexibility, to the

indestructibility, and to the incomprehensibility of this circumambient and consummate nation! Alas for Topsy! Gone with all her descendants; and the land and world are left to mourn. Slavery is bereaved, and who is she that hath perpetrated all this everlasting mischief?

LETTER XIII.

Slave Warehouses and Auctions. — Their Propriety fully demonstrated. — Mr. Skeggs. — Mrs. Stowe reproved for her officious Particularity of Description. — Relationship and Feeling to be utterly disregarded. — Property and Trade the only worthy Considerations. — Cash the main Thing.

MADAM: —

Why are you so solicitous to shape every thing your pen touches so that it shall militate against slavery? Even a slave auction your perversity endeavors to transmute into something forbidding, and almost horrible. But I shall follow you here also, and proceed in my work of nullifying, to the utmost of my ability, the deleterious influence of your wicked attempts against the crowning glory of our happy country.

In your descanting upon a slave warehouse and slave auction, you are still groping in the same thick darkness as in all other parts of your book, and floundering, of consequence, amid the same marvellous congeries of errors and follies. Are not the slaves property,

madam? And, being such, are they not, in law, on the same platform exactly as any and every other property whatsoever? This, I tell you again, is the only question; to this I rein you up; from this I will never suffer you to escape for a moment. And holding you right here, the world shall see, and even yourself, unless one of the very dullest of all women, shall see, that your book is as nonsensical as it is injurious. To convince you, let me ask, What would the public think if you should have written a book about horned cattle, similar to the one you have written about niggers? What if, in your wonderful sapience, you had descanted all so learnedly about old oxen, and old cows, and young and handsome heifers, and little calves? What if you had written of their living together so comfortably, and having so good times, and having so much regard and affection for each other; while, by and by, an old fat ox is sold out of the lot, to the great grief of an old black cow, with which this ox had always been on friendly terms; that the old ox, notwithstanding the great distress of the cow, had been transported to a distant state; that he had been sold there to a gentleman who, not having much sense, wished to keep him for a show; that, afterwards, the gentleman dying, the beast was sold again at a cattle auction, to the extreme regret of the poor old ox; and, also, that a cow and calf were sold, at the same auction, to different purchasers, &c.? And what if you had represented these transactions as being disreputable, if not wicked? I ask you, madam, if all the world would not have laughed you to scorn? And so they ought to scorn the composition you have actually perpetrated; every where *therein recognizing* the fallacy that one species or

kind of live property is to be treated on different principles from other kinds.

Slavery knows no such doctrine. The nigger and the ox are alike here. The wench and the cow stand side by side on this national and magnificent platform. A herd of fifty horned cattle, old and young, and a herd of fifty niggers, of different ages, are exactly alike in law. The owner of the horned cattle may do what he will with them. The owner of the woolly-headed cattle may also do what he pleases with his niggers. Both owners may sell their respective property as they choose — whether at private sale or at auction, in lots together or separately and singly, as may best accommodate those who wish to purchase.

In regard to slave auctions, you speak truly, as you observe of slave warehouses that they are kept with neatness. This is important, not for the comfort of the articles themselves, but for the convenience, rather, of purchasers, and contributes often to an advantageous sale. You seem to think it somewhat singular that along the outside, under sheds, there should be arrayed a row of niggers, of both sexes, as a specimen of the articles to be sold. I submit, madam, whether this be a very singular thing. Is it not so with most articles of merchandise? When people have wares of most any kind for sale, are they not careful to exhibit specimens of their commodities? And why should niggers be an exception to the general rule?

You will allow me to say that Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of one of the slave depots in New Orleans, deserves a much more respectful notice than he receives from your malicious pen. You seem to reproach him, among other things, for his laudable and benevolent

efforts to keep his niggers lively and merry, and his judicious means for drowning reflection. And you find fault with the slaves' being made callous, unthinking, and without feeling. But, being cattle, and subject to the same sort of treatment, is it not the true policy to assimilate them, as much as possible, to their fellow-brutes? Why, it is amazing that you do not see how that all this is the pure result of benevolence. Some niggers have feeling a little resembling that of human beings. But this is completely inconsistent with the condition of chattels; and, for the niggers' sake, and for the sake of their proprietors especially, all this feeling should be destroyed out of the slaves as soon as possible. It is not for slaves to feel, to be sorrowful, to lament their husbands, and wives, and young ones' being taken away from them; for this is an every-day occurrence in slavery, and must be so, from the very nature of the case. It is not, I say, for these niggers to feel; it is for them to submit, rather—to become callous in respect to all silly feelings and affections. Or, if these cannot be entirely subdued and eradicated, yet we must, by all means in our power, make them like cattle and pigs, which also show feeling at separation; but it is short-lived, being all forgotten in a few hours.

But, with your hateful propensity, you could not forbear picturing out, to suit yourself, the department of the female niggers at the auction house. Your abominable pen must be very particular and minute. Why could you not, like a lady of some decency, simply speak of the slave auction for the sale of males and females? What was the use of attracting the attention of the public to every item of minutiæ, a great

many of which were never designed to be divulged, and probably never would have been, had it not been for your outrageous book? But you must officiously look in, examine the female department, see the "numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all ages, from childhood to old age." Could not the public suppose all that without your helping them? But you must particularize of a "fine, bright girl of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday," and who had "cried herself to sleep." You must blab out about another mother and daughter there, the mother respectably dressed — a mulatto of from forty-five to fifty; and by her side, and "nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen" — a quadroon fair and beautiful. And you must reveal how they were sold to different purchasers, and were separated, and that "the morning parted them forever." You find fault with Mr. Skeggs for making the girl put on her very best appearance, not seeming to regard his assertion that her "curls might make a hundred dollars' difference in the sale of of her." She is sold — sold, as we have seen, to a different master from her mother's; while her mother, probably, had no doubt concerning the purpose for which her daughter was bought.

But what of all this? The whole transaction is to be contemplated in the light of *property* and *trade*, and in no other light. You need not prate about "mother and daughter," "husband and wife," "affectionate relationships," "feelings," and such like. It is all humbug, and will not bear the light a single moment. The truth is simple, and here it is: The niggers are things and property, and no other view of them is of

any kind of consequence. If you own niggers, keep them if it suits your interest; if not, sell them, or any part of them. If you have a beautiful quadroon from fifteen to eighteen, and who will bring two or three thousand dollars for a particular station, why, then sell her, if the price will be more valuable to you than the nigger. You are not to stop a moment to inquire — nay, it need never enter your mind to inquire — whether this article of property has a mother, or whether her mother will be at all affected at the sale of her daughter. Our beautiful southern laws know nothing about all this, and you should not look at it a moment. Or if you would fatten one or more of your niggers with a view of a more advantageous sale by such means, as in the case of other live animals, do so: it is a perfectly legal and consistent operation. In a word, apply the very rules to the disposition and management of this species of property as with other merchandise. Mind the main thing; keep an eye steadily to the *property*, and to your greatest advantage in dollars and cents. Place your finger on the *cash* of the concern, and let every other consideration go to the winds, as unworthy a moment's consideration. This will be in very exact accordance with slave law, which regards no whimpering, no sentiment, no crying or tears, — nothing of this, — but regards the idea of property singly. *The value of the nigger to thee in dollars and cents.* This is the thing.

LETTER XIV.

Simon Legree, Esq. — His Appearance and Dress. — The main Chance. — Mr. Legree's personal Examination of Tom. — Its perfect Propriety. — Examination of Horses and horned Cattle. — Chains and Handcuffs. — Chains the Nation's appropriate Badge. — Should be added to the Stars and Stripes of the national Flag. — Present of a Chain to the President of the United States. — Appropriateness of the Gift.

MADAM: —

You evidently intended, in furtherance of the treasonable design of your book, to make much out of Mr. Simon Legree; and upon this character you obviously expended all your powers of description and caricature. But we are willing to receive Mr. Legree even under your own strong coloring, and shall show that, in all his course, he proceeded in admirable accordance with the genius and spirit of that transcendent institution which you so much abhor, and I so much love.

As you have delighted to devote a great many words to your discussion of this gentleman, it will be deemed allowable that our review of him should be somewhat particular.

First, then, as to his appearance. All are agreed that a man is not to be blamed for his peculiarities of physical conformation. If Mr. Legree was "a short, broad, muscular man," having a "bullet head, and large, light-gray eyes, with thin, shaggy, sandy eyebrows," I see not why he is to be cashiered for all

this. And if he wore a checked shirt and threadbare pants, he should not, for such a reason, be set down as wicked, or even mean. There are many extravagant people who imagine that to be dressed in costly apparel will go to make up for the lack of solid qualities.

Then, again, there are others who are careless of their personal appearance, provided they are enabled to preserve an eye to the main chance of things. Of this latter class was Mr. Legree. He was of that thrifty, prudent class of men, who, by great energy and industry, marched directly forward to the accomplishment of his purposes, suffering all trifles to go to the winds. A coarse shirt, unsavory mouth, dirty hands and nails — all these are trifles, provided they are no interference to money making.

You describe his examination of Tom and Emmeline with a view to purchasing them, and you allude to this examination with ill-concealed disgust. But do not you examine full as minutely when about to purchase articles of a thousand dollars' value? What if he did seize Tom by the jaw, and pull open his mouth in order to inspect his teeth; and feel his muscles, and make him jump and spring, &c.?

Now, madam, I have, in repeated instances, seen every one of the particulars alluded to when a horse is about to be purchased; and, if a horse may be thus inspected with perfect propriety, why not a nigger? especially so when Tom, in this case, was an article of six or eight times the value of a horse. Certainly there never was any thing more consistent than this personal and tactual examination, in view of purchasing *nigger property*; and I cannot otherwise than admire

the skill of Mr. Legree in this examination. Seizing by the jaw, and pulling open the mouth, is, I believe, almost universal in inspecting this kind of cattle, as well as in inspecting horses, the appearance of the teeth being, with both animals, a pretty sure indication of the age as well as the health of the article.

So far, then, Mr. Legree was perfectly in order. He only did what we all do, if true to our own interests, whenever we undertake any important purchase. He would have been criminally negligent and loose to have acted otherwise.

Secondly. Mr. Legree's slaves, on the middle passage, are handcuffed and chained. This is another circumstance put in by you in order to prejudice their owner and the holy cause of slavery.

But nothing was more proper and consistent than this also. Are not all prudent people careful about the security of their property? Is it not so in the case of horses, horned cattle, sheep, swine, and the rest? This chaining and manacling of slaves is only a question of security of property. "But these niggers would have been safe on board the boat without chaining and handcuffing." I reply that they would not have been *so* safe as though well chained. A float moored in a creek might lie there safely without being fastened, but not so safely, for it might drift away, and be carried down the current. Would you blame the man who makes his property sure, even though it might not be lost under less careful management?

Chains, madam, chains and manacles! Why, they are slavery's beautiful badge—as harmonious with the system as they are necessary and becoming. Many weak people, I am aware, cherish a sort of superstit-

and never have fallen into the clutches of this horrid New England woman. But she impudently and unrighteously pushed the matter, and her too easy cousin, alas! yielded, and the deed was done forever!

Not so rapid was the success of this same old maid when she made application to Marie St. Clare for the emancipation of clumsy old Tom, just after the death of St. Clare. She had sterner stuff to deal with here — a brave, dignified, noble heart, and a heart she could not touch with all her Yankee craftiness. In vain she pleaded the intentions and will of her cousin. The beloved and elegant Marie knew too well the value of her property, and Ophelia retired from her presence empty handed, while Tom, as was meet, goes straight to the auction block. There ought Topsy to have gone also. I sigh as I meditate what a nice addition would thus have been made to the purse of the most excellent and accomplished of women. But Topsy belongs to the graceless Ophelia, and is now, I am fearfully suspicious, free among the savages of Vermont.

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kind of live property is to be treated on different principles from other kinds.

Slavery knows no such doctrine. The nigger and the ox are alike here. The wench and the cow stand side by side on this national and magnificent platform. A herd of fifty horned cattle, old and young, and a herd of fifty niggers, of different ages, are exactly alike in law. The owner of the horned cattle may do what he will with them. The owner of the woolly-headed cattle may also do what he pleases with his niggers. Both owners may sell their respective property as they choose — whether at private sale or at auction, in lots together or separately and singly, as may best accommodate those who wish to purchase.

In regard to slave auctions, you speak truly, as you observe of slave warehouses that they are kept with neatness. This is important, not for the comfort of the articles themselves, but for the convenience, rather, of purchasers, and contributes often to an advantageous sale. You seem to think it somewhat singular that along the outside, under sheds, there should be arrayed a row of niggers, of both sexes, as a specimen of the articles to be sold. I submit, madam, whether this be a very singular thing. Is it not so with most articles of merchandise? When people have wares of most any kind for sale, are they not careful to exhibit specimens of their commodities? And why should niggers be an exception to the general rule?

You will allow me to say that Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of one of the slave depots in New Orleans, deserves a much more respectful notice than he receives from your malicious pen. You seem to reproach him, among other things, for his laudable and benevolent

Further, Mr. Legree's address to Tom in respect to his religion, though apparently somewhat harsh, was yet entirely correct and orderly. "You belong to the church, eh?" says the master. "Yes, mas'r," replies Tom. "Well, I'll soon have that out of you. I'm your church, now! You understand, you have got to do as *I* say." Now, I dare say that you, and thousands of others, esteem all this to be dreadfully severe, and very unjustifiable. But all such are miserably mistaken. Have I not just told you that the owner is absolute? There is not the smallest difference in the world between the proprietorship of his slave and of his horse. Of course, he has an indisputable right to say whether his slave shall belong to one church or another, or to none at all. Or if, as in the case of Mr. Legree, the owner chooses to be the slave's church himself, — that is, that the slave's religion shall consist, and consist only, in carrying out all the purposes, pleasure, desires, and will of his master, — such a requisition is perfectly within the law, and perfectly justified by the genius of our slavery.

The logic is this, and I challenge all attempts at confutation thereof. The nigger is the master's own property. A man may do what he will with his own. Therefore he may control, to all intents and purposes, as may suit himself, the religion as well as every thing pertaining to the slave. And when you represent Tom as secretly responding *No*, to the claim of his owner of control over his religion, you represented the nigger as a rebel and a robber. Legree owns Tom, body and soul. Legree claims possession of both, as he has a right to do, and Tom resists. Who *is in the wrong* attitude? the upright man who insists

on entire authority over his property, or he who secretly withholds, so far as he can, the property of another?

After the sale of Tom's wardrobe, Mr. Legree again addresses Tom, ordering him to take the best care of the clothes he had just put on, assuring him it will be long enough before he will get more. "I go in," adds Legree, "for making niggers careful." All this is just as it should be, and evinces admirable skill and tact in this gentleman. Tom was now sold to a master who knew how to be master. He was on the middle passage, and was destined to a scene of labor rather than of idleness. He, of course, needed none of the fine clothes in which St. Clare so foolishly dressed him up. They were therefore wisely exchanged for a dress more suitable to a nigger, and more congenial with servitude; and he was taught also to be careful of what he had. Who can fail to see the immeasurable superiority of Mr. Legree's discipline over the disciple, or, rather, want of discipline in Mr. St. Clare's house? The latter taught his slaves to be careless, extravagant, and wasteful. Not so with the high-minded and business-like Legree. He would have no carelessness and waste in connection with his establishment; and hence he forewarns Tom that one suit in a year is all his niggers may expect.

I admire also his address to his whole new gang, as they stand before him on board the boat. He commands the attention of the whole of them — shows them his fist, and bids them look at it, and informs them that it had become as hard as iron by *knocking down niggers;* and that he never saw the nigger, as yet, *that he could* not bring down with a single blow. The

purpose of all this is manifest. It is of prime importance that these animals should know their place and duty, and that, from the first, they should be compelled to promptness and energy. The lovely Mrs. St. Clare's representation of them was exactly correct, as she pronounced them the laziest and most careless and provoking of all cattle, and Mr. Legree was also perfectly aware of this same fact. He therefore deemed it incumbent on him to begin right with his new hands; to let them understand at once what they were to expect unless they fulfilled his orders to the utmost. "You've every one got to toe the mark, I tell ye; quick, straight, the moment I speak." Could any thing be more proper? When his slaves were his own, as truly as his own hands and feet, can he be at all censured for what might seem to some to be rigidness?

In Mr. Legree's conversation, afterwards, with gentlemen upon the boat, is brought to view an important feature in the policy of slavery. Alluding to the mulatto woman he had just bought for Sambo, he speaks of his suspicions of her being rather weakly, but that he shall put her through for what she is worth. "I don't go for saving niggers," he adds; "use up, and buy more, is my way;" and he observes that this course is less troublesome, and comes cheaper in the end. Being asked how long they generally last, he replied, that "stout fellows last six or seven years — trashy ones gets worked up in two or three. I used to, when I first began, have considerable trouble, fussin' with 'em, and tryin' to make 'em hold out, docterin' on 'em up when they's sick, and givin' on 'em clothes and blankets, and what not." But he adds, that he found *it to be of no use* — that he lost money, besides the

great trouble. His policy now was to put them straight through, sick or well; and, when one nigger died, to buy another; and he found it cheaper and easier every way.

There can be no doubt that this is the true mode of managing a plantation to the greatest advantage of its proprietor. Very little attention should be paid to the sickness of these creatures. In most cases it is feigned for the purpose of getting rid of work; especially when they find, by experience, that this game will work.

Then, again, when there is real sickness, if they are roused early in the morning, and driven to the field, and the overseer's lash properly applied from time to time, to electrify their muscular and nervous system, they will forget their sickness in a few hours. Then, further, if a slave becomes decidedly sickly, and affected with one or more chronic difficulties, so as to be unable to perform the regular amount of work, under these circumstances it is hardly worth while to keep such an inefficient nigger along from year to year; for this has often proved, as found by Mr. Legree, a losing process. It is generally more profitable to rein them right up just as if they were well; or, in the expressive language of Legree, "put them straight through." This means that you put the lash right on — require a full day's work every day, as long as the animal lasts, keep them moving to the utmost and to the last, and thus let them die off out of the way at once.

Now, I have no manner of doubt that Mr. Legree's position is correct — that this process is cheaper as well as easier. As property is the great question, the judicious owner of slaves will, of course, inquire, first

and foremost, What is the best adjustment for the production of property? If the being careful of niggers, and giving them some indulgence and medical aid when sick, — if this pays the best, then adopt such a policy. On the other hand, if Mr. Legree's plan is best, that is, most profitable, (of which, I say, I have no doubt,) then adopt that. Work the slaves to the utmost, and let them last as long as they may under the operation; and, as they die out, fill up the vacancy, and keep the machinery operating to its fullest capacity.

LETTER XVI.

Mr. Legree's Dogs. — Usefulness of Dogs for catching Runaways. — A beautiful Aspect of the Fugitive Law. — Mr. Legree's "Quarters." — Needlessness of Furniture in Slave Quarters. — Fodder of Slaves. — Peck-a-Week System. — Its Excellency. — Wonderful Cheapness of sustaining Slaves.

MADAM: —

You are very careful to introduce Mr. Legree's dogs among the first characters that met him on his arrival home with his new gang of niggers. You say that there were three or four furious-looking dogs that came tearing out, and were with difficulty restrained from laying hold of Tom and his companions. "Ye see what ye'd get, if ye try to run off. These yer dogs has been raised to track niggers, and they'd jest as *soon chaw one* on ye up as eat their supper."

Now this, to be sure, sounds rather cavalierly; and to some ears it would probably appear somewhat offensive. Yet these dogs, in numberless instances, are indispensable to the preservation of southern property, and they are of exceeding use for this object. In a great many cases, the presence of such dogs prevents all attempts to escape; and then, if they make the attempt, the dogs are almost sure to track them out, come up with them, fall upon them voraciously, while not unfrequently they tear a nigger nearly to death before they can be driven off by the hunters. These dogs, therefore, madam, are to be set down as a part, and no unimportant part, of the great system. These dogs are genuine patriots, performing their part for the salvation of the country. Their work and that provided for by the fugitive slave law are identical — only the fugitive law is designed to sweep more widely and clearly. It comes in where the dogs fail. The dogs operate more especially in the south, while the law operates every where — especially in the north. The law, as we have before observed, sets on foot another set of dogs, when the first set have run themselves out of breath. The law, in fact, seems to transmute the whole population of the country, when necessary, into dogs, for the laudable purpose of scenting, chasing, grabbing, and securing for their owners such southern merchandise as, being endowed with locomotion, endeavors to escape from its owners.

You represent Mr. Legree's "quarters" for his niggers as being very poor and desolate, and as having "a forlorn, brutal, and forsaken air." You describe them as "mere rude shells, destitute of any species of *furniture* except a heap of straw, foul with dirt, spread

confusedly over the floor, which was merely the bare ground," &c.

All this description answers with tolerable accuracy to the decent sort of pigsties connected with farm houses; and we have clearly shown that niggers and pigs are on the same platform in the eye of southern law. They are simply different species of property; and why, then, should niggers be accommodated with more comfortable quarters than other live stock? You speak of Tom's heart as sinking at the sight of them. But you ought to have added that Mr. Legree did not purchase niggers to pamper and indulge them like the weak-minded St. Clare; but he bought them for use, and he made every thing bend to the great end of money making, and consequently laid out no more expense for accommodating his hands than was necessary.

And I ask, what, in all propriety, what do these slaves want of furniture in their cabins? It is to be understood that they are up and away to the fields at dawn of day, and return at dusk; while, by the time their suppers are finished, it is necessary to camp down, so as to be ready to be stirring at daybreak. Thus they only require a place to sleep, with a slight covering or roof to shut off the night air; and straw is as wholesome and as proper for niggers to lodge upon as for pigs.

You also speak of the feeding of the slaves. Tom, it appears, being hungry and faint on his arrival at Mr. Legree's establishment, was conducted out to the quarters, and an old bag was thrown to him containing a peck of corn, which he was told would be his allowance of food for one week. This is the ordinary allow-

ance of food to slaves on many of the southern plantations; and at night, after their return from work, they grind a portion of the corn in a sort of handmill, make their cake, bake and eat it. This is found to be a very cheap mode of sustaining the niggers. The true policy is to give them the cheapest kind of food, and just so much in quantity as will barely keep them in working order.

Thus the feeding of the niggers is a comparative trifle on the score of expense, each animal consuming only about twelve bushels of corn in a year, which, at fifty cents per bushel, amounts to six dollars. If to this you add about six more for a suit of coarse clothes, you have an expense of only twelve dollars a year for each slave. Then their "quarters," as we have seen, cost little or nothing, being made of rough boards for a covering, without any floor, and littered with straw, and constituting lodgings nearly as good as are provided for pigs.

These estimates, madam, will enable you to perceive the vast profits of slavery. The system of one peck of corn per week, and each slave being required to manufacture his corn into food by grinding it, and preparing and baking his bannock — this is a system of wonderful simplicity as well as cheapness. And then it is entirely competent for us masters, whenever we judge proper, to reduce the legal allowance of a peck a week, as the fact could not be ascertained, niggers not being allowed to testify against a white man.

LETTER XVII.

Mr. Legree's Dislike to Tom.—Much Reason for this.—His appropriate Punishment of Tom for his Disobedience.—Mr. Legree an admirable Personification of Slavery.

MADAM:—

In your narrative, you soon notice difficulties rising up between Mr. Legree and Tom; and, as is usual, your perverted sympathies are with the slave rather than with his master. All Mr. Legree's treatment you evidently disapprove; while Tom, with you, is quite a moral hero. I take the opposite view entirely. I honor Mr. Legree as an upright, straightforward, and consistent master and owner of slaves, who seems to have known his prerogatives and rights, and knew also how to make a good use of them.

You observe that he early felt a secret dislike to Tom. But this was nothing against him. We all have our likes and dislikes, and Mr. Legree had the same right to these as other people. But was there not a cause for this gentleman's dislike? Did he not very early see the officiousness of Tom in helping other niggers perform their tasks? Now, it appears to have been a law of Mr. Legree's plantation, that, in picking cotton, for example, every hand should pick so much, by weight, each day; or, in case of any deficiency of weight, the delinquent should be flogged. Tom soon perceived that some of the niggers, especially the women, appeared unable to fulfil their tasks, and he would

set to and help them, besides accomplishing his own task. All this, of course, could not be allowed, as its influence would be to injure, if not spoil, the delinquent hands. After this kind of conduct, one day, one of the baskets being weighed by Mr. Legree, and pronounced deficient, — a basket which Tom, in his meddling, had helped to fill, — Legree ordered the woman to be whipped, and that Tom himself should do the whipping. Tom refused! Yes, strange to tell, this impudent fellow refused to obey his master! Does any one wonder that Legree was stupefied and dumb with rage — that he cursed his slave, and called him "a blasted black beast" — that his greenish eyes glared fiercely, and his very whiskers seemed to curl with passion? Does any one wonder that he belabored him over the face with a shower of blows with his cowhide — that he kicked him violently with his heavy boot — and that he, at last, handed him over to his two stout overseers for a decent dressing down?

And who can wonder at his treatment of Tom the next morning, and after the nigger had had his flogging? "Get up, ye beast!" said Mr. Legree, giving Tom a kick. The slave arose up with some difficulty, and his master, very properly, ordered him to get upon his knees, and beg pardon for his disobedience the last night. Tom refused again, saying that "he could not do it, — that he did only what he thought was right, — that he would do just so again if ever the time comes, and that he would never do a cruel thing, come what may."

Was there ever such a saucy and impudent scamp as this? Mr. Legree, of course, waited to hear but

little more; but, with a blow of his fist and a curse, he felled the nigger to the earth.

Mr. Legree's final dealing with Tom, and his directing him to be whipped to death, seems rather harsh; while, at the same time, such examples are, now and then, found to be necessary, to deter other niggers from disobedience.

And, on the whole, nothing could be more consistent with the elegant institution of slavery than the character and operations of Mr. Legree. He was, as our slavery authorizes, an absolute master over a certain number of niggers. It is recognized as a correct principle that we should make property produce other property to the largest amount possible; and this was the wise policy of Legree. He would produce the greatest possible amount of cotton at the smallest possible expense. Hence he gives his niggers each one peck of corn a week, and a suit of coarse clothes a year, and the cheapest sheds to sleep in, and worked them with the utmost diligence, and rigorously kept down all lawlessness, and managed his estate with a highly commendable energy and skill. Mr. Legree was a fine and almost exact exemplar of slavery. Slavery gave him to own niggers; he owned them. Slavery gave him complete dominion over them; he assumed and exercised this dominion. Slavery gave him authority to keep them cheap; he kept them cheap. Slavery gave him power to work them to the utmost; he worked them to the utmost. Slavery gave him power to whip them as he chose; he whipped them lustily and heartily. Slavery gave him power to take possession of all the earnings of his niggers; he pock-

eted every penny of such earnings. Slavery gave him power to whip and burn his slaves to death, provided he should do so out of sight of white witnesses; he purposely occupied a remote plantation, and purposely kept away from his estate all white people, and thus proceeded to kill such niggers, from time to time, as he saw fit, and in the manner he saw fit, whether by whipping, burning, or cutting to pieces. Slavery gave him power to compel such slaves to be his concubines as he saw fit; he acted accordingly, and when he was weary of one, he would buy another for this particular purpose.

In a word, Mr. Simon Legree may be denominated *slavery personified;* and in him shone forth this grand and magnificent system in all its prominent and select features. Whosoever would see slavery — see it in its genuine nature, operations, and character — must not look at such an awkward case as that of St. Clare; but he must look at Legree, let his sublime character and movements be faithfully studied and carefully analyzed, then hold him up as an example for the contemplation of every one.

LETTER XVIII.

Uncle Tom. — His general Character. — His Fanaticism. — His improper Conduct. — Commanded to whip Lucy, and refuses. — His miserable Obstinacy and Rebellion. — Conversation between him and his Master. — His Flogging. — Great Kindness of Mr. Legree. — His Advice to Tom. — Tom's continued Obstinacy. — He instigates Cassy and Emmeline to Escape. — Refuses to inform respecting them. — Receives summary Punishment.

MADAM: —

Of "Uncle Tom," the principal hero of your book, I have had frequent occasion to speak in connection with some of the other characters already noticed. A few additional observations of a general nature will be all that is necessary.

That Tom was somewhat more than ordinary as a slave, is sufficiently obvious. He was firm and strong, and capable of doing very efficient service, and his natural capacity also appears to have surpassed most of his race and condition. He seems likewise to have been, in general, more submissive than many, and to have had a pretty clear idea, at least till purchased by Mr. Legree, of his appropriate place.

His fanaticism, however, more than half spoiled him, exerting an influence to unfit him for many things necessarily incidental to slavery. This evil grew to a head when he came under the straightforward treatment of his last master. Mr. Legree, although he liked the ability and efficiency of his slave, was yet disgusted with his assumed goodness and kindness towards

some of the other slaves, helping them, at times, finish their tasks, and in other ways manifesting an officious disposition to comfort such as pretended to be sick, or weary, or desponding. Mr. Legree wisely determined to break up this state of things on his plantation, and thus, with his characteristic shrewdness, ordered Tom to whip a woman whom he had one day been helping, as abovenamed. Tom at first declined, when, having been well belabored by Mr. Legree over his head and ears with a cowhide, his master exclaimed, "Now will ye tell me ye can't do it?" "Yes, mas'r," said Tom, wiping the blood from his face. "I'm willing to work night and day, and work while there is life and breath in me, but this yer thing I can't feel it right to do; and, mas'r, I never shall do it—*never!*" This, be it remembered, was the language of a nigger to his master; thus undertaking to inform his master of what was right, and what was not right, and then setting up his will in point blank rebellion against his owner. Here, if ever, was a most outrageous and unheard-of opposition to his lawful owner, as well as the most glaring insult conceivable. And then there is, also, by the same act, the most essential treason against the United States. Slavery makes no provision for a slave's having any sentiments of right and wrong, except such as his master may have. It makes no provision for niggers' proclaiming such opposing sentiments, especially the rascally proclamation of them directly to their masters. This, of itself, being suffered, slavery would be destroyed. The slave is to be silent as to any religious or moral opinions. A man does not purchase a slave to preach to him, but to work; and were such a thing possible, it would be

just as becoming for a horse or an ox to presume to deliver moral or religious sentiments as for a nigger.

Then the downright disobedience of Tom to a positive command of his master — this was the crowning act of rascally resistance and rebellion. He, forsooth, did not think it *right* to whip the woman, as ordered, and he would never do it. "What! ye blasted black beast," responds Legree — "tell me ye don't think it's right to do what I tell ye? What have any of you cussed cattle to do with thinking what is right? So you pretend it's wrong to flog the gal!" There never was, and never can be, a purer outbreathing of slavery than this brief and characteristic address. It corresponds perfectly with the whole spirit of the system. The logic is entirely irresistible. Tom was one of a herd of cattle — a *thing*, to all intents and purposes whatsoever. Right or wrong he had, of course, no business with, except as the echo of his master. And contemplate the shocking incongruity and absurdity, when Tom, answering his master about the wrong of flogging Lucy, made bold to say, "I think so;" that is, that it is wrong to flog her; "the poor critter's sick and feeble; 'twould be downright cruel, an it's what I never will do, nor begin to. Mas'r, if ye must kill me, kill me; but as to my raising my hand agin any one here, I never shall; I'll die first."

Here evidently was rebellion that called for just about the last degree of rigor. But ere he is handed over to the lash, listen to the highly-appropriate words of Legree. "Here, ye rascal; you make believe to be so pious. Did not you never hear out of your Bible, 'Servants, obey your masters'? Ain't I your master? *Didn't I pay down* twelve hundred dollars, cash, for all

that is inside yer old cussed black shell? Ain't ye mine now, body and soul?" accompanying the last question with a good hearty kick with his heavy boot.

Some may imagine that the theory thus assumed by Mr. Legree is an ultra view. But no other view can harmonize with the great system. Under this system, when a man buys a nigger, he buys body and soul—every thing pertaining to the slave; and what astounding ignorance did the old rebellious Tom evince, when he exclaimed, in answer to his master, "No, no, no! my soul ain't yours, mas'r. You hain't bought it; ye can't buy it. It's been bought and paid for by one that's able to keep it."

Rightly was the old lout walked off between two stout niggers to be thoroughly whipped. But the whipping, severe as it was, did not subdue the animal. When called upon the next morning, by his master, to get down upon his knees, and beg pardon, "Mas'r Legree," said he, "I can't do it; I did only what I thought was right; I shall do jest so again if ever the time comes. I never will do a cruel thing, come what may." Was there ever such a specimen of impudence and wickedness as this? And what forbearance must have actuated Mr. Legree that he did not smite him down in a moment! But instead of doing so, he consents to reason with his nigger. "Yes, but ye don't know what may come, Master Tom. Ye think what ye got is something; I tell ye 'tain't any thing, nothing at all. How would you like to be tied to a tree, and have a slow fire lit up around ye? Wouldn't that be pleasant, Tom?"

Such severe intimations is it sometimes necessary to throw out to these rebellious niggers—yea, and even

to carry them into effect, and whip, and starve, and burn, in order to break them in, and make them fully submissive; while in some cases, where the breaking in is impossible, and they resist all discipline, it becomes necessary to kill.

The stubbornness of old Tom appears to have been of the most inveterate and malignant stamp. One would think that the severe flogging he received for foolishly and wickedly refusing to flog Lucy would have cured his obstinacy. But it was not so easily cured. How often have I admired the goodness and kindness of Mr. Legree, as, one night, he found Tom leaning sadly over his Bible, and trying to read a little by the brushwood light while his supper was baking. "Well, old boy," said Legree, "ye find your religion don't work, it seems. You are a fool," he continues, "for I meant to do well by ye, when I bought ye. You might have been better off than Sambo or Quimbo either, and had easy times, and instead of getting cut up and thrashed every day or two, ye might have had liberty to lord it round, and cut up the other niggers. Come, don't ye think ye'd better be reasonable? Throw that old pack of trash into the fire, (meaning his Bible,) and join my church."

By this beautiful address we are reminded of the good fortune which Legree had designed for Tom, and of which the latter, by his consummate folly, had deprived himself. We are also reminded of the kind forbearance of Mr. Legree, who was willing even now, after Tom had repeatedly disobeyed him, to afford him a better chance. Tom had only to throw away his old Bible, and throw up praying, and relinquish these doubtful and groundless hopes which he had, in his

superstition, been in the habit of indulging, and then, withal, join Mr. Legree's church, — that is, submit to his lawful master in every thing, right or wrong, and let every other thing, and every other being in the universe, go, — and Mr. Legree would, even after all his slave's obstinacy and viciousness, have favored him. "The Lord forbid!" exclaims the silly nigger.

"You see the Lord ain't going to help you," replied Legree; "if he had been, he wouldn't have let *me* got you. This yer religion is all a mess of lying trumpery, Tom. I know all about it. Ye'd better hold to me. I am somebody, and can do something."

"No, mas'r," says Tom. "I'll hold on — I'll hold to him, and believe him to the last!"

"The more fool you," said Legree, spitting at and kicking him. And who could wonder at the indignation of Legree? and who could but wonder at the execrable superstition and shallowness of the nigger?

Thus it is that base and ignorant slaves often spurn the generous and benevolent offers of their masters, and plunge themselves into endless and fatal difficulties. Such was the sequel of Tom's career. It was easy to foresee that the proud and stubborn spirit which he evinced towards Mr. Legree would grow to serious mischief. Hence we find him presently instigating Cassy and Emmeline to escape from their lawful owner. "Miss Cassy," said Tom, one night, "if ye only could get away from here — if the thing was possible — I'd 'vise ye and Emmeline to do it. It's more than ye can stand, and ye'd better go if ye can." After this vile advice, the fanatical nigger breaks out, saying, "He that saved Daniel in the den of lions — that saved the children in the fiery furnace — he that

walked on the sea, and bade the winds be still — he's alive yet; and I've faith to believe he can deliver you. Try it, and I'll pray with all my might for you!" "Father Tom, I'll try it!" suddenly replied the wicked Cassy. "Amen! The Lord help you!" said Tom.

Who, after this scene, will question the hypocrisy and utter wickedness of that rascally Tom? Mighty pious, to be sure; and, at the same time, urging other niggers to steal the property of their masters, and even praying for their success in so doing!

When Cassy and Emmeline had accomplished their robbery, and had stolen themselves, Tom was summoned before his master, who had suspected that this slave knew something about the theft. Mr. Legrèe calmly informed Tom that he had made up his mind to kill him unless he would tell what he knew about the fugitives. Tom replied that he had nothing to tell. "Do you dare to tell me, ye old black Christian, ye don't know? Speak!" thundered Legree, striking him furiously. "Do you know any thing?" "I know, mas'r, but I can't tell any thing." Mr. Legree, as was proper, smote the wretch to the ground; and, on that night, he received the chastisement that resulted in his death.

Such, madam, is the history of your principal hero. Could you not find any more elevated character than an old, clumsy, hypocritical, fanatical, rebellious, lawless, and wicked nigger? And could you not employ your pen more advantageously than in representing such a scamp as a paragon of goodness — an exemplar of all the Christian ornaments? Shame on all such miserable perversions!

LETTER XIX.

Uncle Tom's earlier History. — His Separation from his Wife and Children. — Entirely different from the forcible Separation of a white Man from his Family. — Sundry conclusive Reasons showing this.

MADAM: —

Perhaps I ought to have dwelt somewhat more particularly upon your account of Tom's earlier history. You are very careful, of course, to describe with all particularity his sale by Mr. Shelby, and his consequent separation from his family.

You report him as having a woman whom he loved, and by whom he was loved in return — as having several little children, the youngest only a year old or so. You represent them as living comfortably and happily together in a cabin in the vicinity of their master's mansion.

You portray with unnecessary and vexatious minuteness the circumstances of their parting. They are risen early, that morning. Aunt Chloe, the wife, prepares his clothes as well as she is able, and provides the best breakfast possible, as she will have no more opportunity to comfort her husband. He looks upon the little children still asleep in the trundle bed, and says, as he looks, "It's the last time!"

Chloe, meanwhile, is weeping in the midst of her occupations of ironing and preparing breakfast, and now and then bursts out with murmurings at their hard lot; while Tom, though bearing a sad heart, speaks comforting words, with a view to soothe her

troubled mind. Mrs. Shelby comes in, and weeps with them, and promises to redeem Tom as soon as their circumstances will allow.

Then enters Mr. Haley — orders Tom away to the wagon; and the slave, shouldering the box containing his wardrobe, follows his new master to the wagon. The sad wife accompanies, with her youngest born in her arms; the other children follow, sobbing and crying after their father. Tom is ordered into the wagon; his feet are fastened with fetters by his owner, who then springs on board, and Tom is driven away — away, as it proved, never to return. Henceforth, —

> "In vain for him the officious wife prepares
> The fire fair blazing and the vestment warm;
> In vain his little children, peeping out
> Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
> With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
> Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
> Nor friends, nor sacred home."

Something like this would be a summary of your representation of Tom's sale and removal; that is, you picture forth the scene very much as if Tom and his family were white people, instead of being niggers and slaves; and this, by the way, is one of the monstrous fallacies of your book throughout. I have elsewhere repeatedly alluded to this feature of your composition; but it is due to the public, and due especially to slavery, and the honor of the country, that this same fallacy should be scientifically exposed and scouted.

The question is this: "Is the forcible and eternal separation of Tom from his wife and children, without *crime of his own*, and carrying him off to a distant

part of the country, to be regarded in the same light as the forcible and final separation of an innocent white man from his family?"

You, madam, seem to assume the affirmative of this question, while I must maintain the negative at all hazards.

First. The separation of Tom from his family was entirely a different thing from a like separation of an innocent white man, in consideration of the very important circumstance that Tom was *a nigger*.

This logic, owing to its occult profundity and transcendent subtilty, may not be appreciated by the mass; but the more intelligent and refined circles will not fail to discern its exact justness and entire conclusiveness. The fact is, white people and niggers are different. To set this matter at rest at once and forever, I need only refer again to the authority of my dear friend, the accomplished Mrs. St. Clare. She declared that they were not of one blood with us. To use her own classic language, "They are a degraded race; there's no comparing [the two races.]" And she asserts that for her slave Mammy to be deprived of her two children "is a different thing altogether — of course it is," from Mrs. St. Clare's being deprived of Eva, her daughter.

Secondly. Tom was a piece of property — an article of merchandise — a chattel — a thing. Now, who, except abolitionists and fanatics, can be so blind as to see no difference between separating a man from his family forever, and the separation of several articles of property? When Mr. Haley carried off Tom, it was, in the eye of Kentucky laws, and in the eye of United States laws, exactly as if he had plundered an

old black sheep into his wagon, with the fore and hind legs tied to each other to keep her from jumping out of the wagon and running away. Hence the contrast between the two cases we are considering is as wide as could be well conceived. Men are men; niggers are property, and are, of course, naturally subject to such changes, without regard to any consideration whatever, save the interests of the owners themselves.

Thirdly. I argue the immense contrast between the two supposed cases from the fact that niggers are born to nothing, have nothing, expect nothing, and are brought up to bear every thing. In respect to the common delights of life, they are very much in the position of one born blind in regard to colors. Having nothing, they can, of course, lose nothing. A nigger living with a woman, or a *wife*, as you may figuratively call her, knows that, to-morrow, she may be ordered to live with another nigger, and he himself with another wench. He knows, in the outset, and all along, that she is not *his*. Or, if he has several little children, from the time they are born he is aware that they and the pigs are equally and alike his master's property; and hence he is no more surprised at the sale of the little niggers than at the sale of the pigs. Nor is he more surprised that he himself should be sold off from his children than that a cow should be sold off without her calf. All this is wholesomely ingrained in the nigger's mind.

Fourthly. The unimpeded operation, if not the existence itself, of slavery, requires frequent separations of this kind. Niggers, being property, just like any other property, are, of course, like other property, *subject to* bargain and sale. Each article of this

property must, of necessity, be subject to such sale. It is an absurd idea that when a nigger, such as Tom, is sold, all his family must be sold to accompany him. The truth may be that only Tom will be wanted. You mention, in your book, several instances of mothers and their children. If a mother has a young child, and a man wants her only, and does not wish to be plagued with her child, must he, forsooth, buy both, merely to prevent the separation of the two? Must a man, when he only wishes to purchase a cow, buy a calf or two with her, for fear the cow, when led away, will bellow for an hour or two?

Just as true, therefore, as slavery is to exist and flourish, no notice must be taken of the separation of [redacted] families. In this respect, as in almost all others, slave property is ranked in the same scale as other property.

Finally. As slavery demands the arrangement, and as slavery is the corner stone of republicanism, and as republicanism is the hope of the world, therefore the salvation of the country and the welfare of the world incontrovertibly require the separations referred to; and therefore the forcible and everlasting plundering of old Tom from his wife and children is not to be regarded in the same light as the separation of a white man from his family, but is to be regarded as entirely right, proper, necessary, salutary, judicious, benevolent, patriotic, and beautiful; which was the point to be proved.

LETTER XX.

Origin of Slavery. — Charles V. — Captain Hawkins. — Means of procuring Slaves in Africa. — African Wars. — Kidnapping. — Excellent Effect of Rum. — Other Stratagems. — Number imported annually.

MADAM: —

As you appear to have many inadequate views of the whole subject of slavery, I am desirous, having now completed my review of the main characters of your book, to afford you some authentic information upon a matter of so much importance. And I am actuated to such a course by the same general motive that influenced me to pen the foregoing letters; namely, to illustrate and defend the great American institution.

I shall, first, treat of the origin of our slavery, and thus endeavor to show you, more fully than I have done, its righteousness and excellence.

The existence of slavery is coetaneous with that of civilization in this country. On the discovery of the western continent, the native Indians of Hispaniola were first employed as slaves by the Spaniards. But these dying off too rapidly in consequence of hard work, negro slaves were substituted by the Portuguese about 1503. Charles V., in 1517, granted a permit for an annual supply of 4000 niggers to the Spanish islands. Captain Hawkins had the distinguished honor of being the first of Englishmen who introduced slavery into this country. Thus the good work, being *well begun, went* on rapidly. The British settlements

in North America and the West Indies were plentifully stocked with slaves, and in a hundred years, ending 1786, more than two millions were imported into the British colonies.

You will ask how these Africans were procured. It is impossible, madam, at this distance of time, to go into all the minutiæ of the process whereby the ancestors of our niggers were reduced to slavery. This matter was regulated as in other matters of merchandise and trade. It is a law in political economy, that the supply will naturally correspond to the demand, while this principle had its full and perfect play in the case before us. A market was created for slaves by the discovery of this great continent, and the several branches of industry that were at once established here. Slaves were needed here in multitudes for laboring in the mines, and other services; and thus numerous slave ships appeared on the coast of Africa for the purpose of procuring cargoes of niggers. Various articles of merchandise were offered for slaves, by which the natives were induced to assist in making out the supply. The different tribes would make war upon each other, with the distinct and only view of making prisoners, to be sold as slaves to the slave merchants.

Now, I am a peace man, and could justify war for scarcely any other object; yet I am constrained to judge favorably of those African wars by which so many niggers have been secured for the slave market. For without these means and measures, severe though they seem, it is difficult to see how the glorious institution of American slavery could have ever been introduced. It seemed necessary that villages should

be set on fire, so that those fleeing from the flames should be seized and secured. Open war, however, was not the only means employed for supplying the market. Private kidnapping was carried on with good success, and to a great extent. Houses were broken open by night, and women and children were thus found in abundance. Boys coming into the vicinity of slave ships for the purpose of selling vegetables were seized, and many African princes scrupled not to take possession of multitudes of their subjects, and sell them whenever they wanted any thing that could be furnished by the slave ships. Powerful inducements were held out to the chiefs for the purpose of tempting them to this very course. And oftentimes, when, being sober, they would refuse thus to seize upon and sell their people, a liberal dealing out of brandy to them would exert an influence to put them in better humor, and the niggers would be forthcoming. While the ships were lying on the coast, armed canoes were sent up the rivers into the inland country; and they would return, after a few weeks, with hundreds of niggers fastened together with ropes. Sometimes, again, the whites would conceal themselves in bushes, and grab such as incautiously ventured from their homes. In other instances, for the accomplishment of the same necessary object, the whites would paint their faces, and thus surprise the unsuspecting blacks. Then, further, by one and another means, the Africans were decoyed on board the vessels, and would be immediately seized and lashed to the masts, or thrust into the hold.

The above are specimens, madam, of the manner in which the ancestors of our present slaves were first

secured for slavery. It is gratifying to know that similar measures are continued down to the present day; and that, too, notwithstanding the absurd efforts of several powerful nations to prevent the African trade. An intelligent gentleman, who had spent some time in Liberia, remarked, a few years since, that slaves are obtained in Africa by kidnapping and bribing the tribes with rum, trinkets, &c., to make war upon each other. To obtain slaves, sometimes ten or fifteen villages are burned. The inhabitants who are aged and infirm, and the children who are under eight years of age, are butchered on the spot. One hundred thousand are killed annually in Western Africa in the wars between the different tribes. One hundred thousand are sent off annually in the slave ships to America; one quarter of which number are buried in the ocean, and one third of the hundred thousand are dead before the end of the first year.

All this I suppose to be entirely similar to the means by which the slavery of this country originated. And although I would not be understood as justifying all these measures, yet it is to be understood that the end, in this case, seemed to sanctify the means. The institution was indispensable; the niggers, therefore, must be secured at all hazards, and by whatever means. It follows, therefore, that the whole process, in the great and comprehensive view of events, was as correct as it was necessary.

LETTER XXI.

Present Race of Slaves rightful Property. — Title to them shown to be righteous and valid. — Purchaser of a stolen Horse. — Slave Children. — Determination of Southrons. — Laws of Slavery. — Elegant Extracts.

MADAM: —

Admitting, as I suppose it must be admitted, that the ancestors of our southern slaves were free, and, while in their state of freedom, were captured without any particular crime or fault of their own, and enslaved and brought to this country, yet it must be that their descendants are rightful property. I admit that the first generation of slaves — that is, those originally imported from Africa — were stolen; but a large proportion of them were stolen by Africans themselves, though instigated somewhat, as we have seen, by the slave traders. But the traders who bought these stolen niggers, although they knew them to be stolen, and even instigated, to some extent, the robbery, ought not, I think, to be estimated as quite so wicked as the actual thieves.

Then, having arrived with their cargoes of slaves at American ports, it is not to be supposed that the various purchasers knew all the circumstances of their enslavement. B steals A in Africa, and sells him to a slave merchant, C, who transports him to this country, and the slave is bought by D for his own use. How should D know that the nigger he buys was stolen? or what business has he to inquire any thing about

the mode whereby his nigger became a slave? The fact is, D buys the black, and pays down a certain sum of money for him, just as a man buys a horse and pays for him; and that, too, without even once thinking to inquire whether the horse was stolen or not. And what if the horse was stolen? yet he is bought and paid for in good faith, and of course becomes the man's rightful property. All these scruples about a clear title, in the matter of purchasing live stock, is little better than humbug. Do the goods come into your hands, whether by gift, purchase, or any other way? Then hold on, and make the most out of your property that you are able.

On these principles of sound reasoning, it is manifest that our southern slaves are rightful property. It is granted that their ancestors were stolen; but before reaching this country they passed through two or three different hands, and thus, by the time they were bought by southern planters, and others, they had become transmuted into genuine merchandise and chattels personal. Their children, as a matter of course, followed the law governing their parents, and became property in the same sense exactly as the increase of horned cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs.

Here you may see, madam, another of the abominable lies of the abolitionist, who does not scruple to affirm that the children of slaves are all kidnapped children; that they are not born slaves, and cannot be; but that they are born free, and are then stolen, as if they were children in Africa, and reduced to slavery.

But regardless of title or want of title, and regardless of all abstract questions of right or wrong in the

premises, the niggers are here, under our power — lawfully our property; and we mean to hold on to them, and shall resist to the death all attempts to deprive us of our possessions. Fifteen hundred millions of property are not to be sacrificed or trifled with; and woe to the man or the woman who attempts to interfere with our ancient and acknowledged rights.

Allow me, in this connection, to refer you to some specimens of our excellent and wholesome southern laws regulating slavery, especially in order that you may see more clearly the strength and validity of our title to our slave property.

If you ask, What is a slave? "He is one," saith the Louisiana code, "who is in the power of a master to whom he belongs. The master may sell him, dispose of his person, his industry, and his labor. He can do nothing, possess nothing, nor acquire any thing, but what must belong to his master." All this shows the full title of the master to his slave; and, at the same time, shows the prime excellency of this species of property. Look at it; whatever the slave does, possesses, or acquires, is the property of his owner. "The slave," saith the same code, "*is entirely subject to the will of the master.*" This is a grand and capital feature of slavery; and it is applicable, as you must know, to every slave; to old niggers and to young niggers; to the handsomest slave girls and women, as well as to the rest. They are entirely subject to the master's will. This is just as true of slave property as of any property whatever. It is an acknowledged principle, that a man may "do what he will with his own." His niggers are his own. Therefore he may do what he *pleases with his niggers.*

In accordance with this, the South Carolina code declares that "slaves shall be deemed, sold, taken, reported, and adjudged in law to be *chattels personal*—that is, personal property—in the hands of their owners and possessors, and their executors and assigns, *to all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever.*" Nothing can exceed the truth of this statement, or the strength and beauty of the system thus set forth. Nor is this to be understood as restricted to a part of the slave states. Says Judge Stroud, "The cardinal principle of slavery—*that the slave is not to be ranked among sentient beings, but among things*, is an article of property, a chattel personal—obtains as an undoubted law in all of these states;" that is, in all the slave states.

Is not this, madam, in entire accordance with what I have repeatedly insisted upon in these letters? Slaves are *things*—are not to be reckoned among sentient beings. Keep this in mind, and you will have no more difficulty with slavery, nor with any of the circumstances and so called cruelties connected with it.

LETTER XXII.

Notice of Slavery Laws continued. — Niggers have no civil Rights. — Colored Testimony against White People unlawful. — Great Wisdom of this. — Elegant Results. — Legree a fine Illustration. — Absolute Authority. — Killing of Tom perfectly safe. — Laws prohibiting Killing thus completely evaded. — Such Laws merely ostensible, and to save Appearances. — Power of Killing a logical Consequence of the System.

MADAM: —

In my last I alluded to the laws of the Southern States concerning slavery. I shall proceed, in this, to some further references to these laws by way of illustrating the exalted nature and character of the institution.

It has already fully appeared that slaves are, by law, *things — merchandise*, like cattle, tobacco, corn, and the like. It follows, as a matter of course, that they have no civil rights, and cannot be parties to civil suits. "A slave," says a competent authority, "cannot be a party before a judicial tribunal in any species of action against his master; no matter how atrocious may have been the injury which he has received from him." To this there appears to be only one exception — that is, when a slave claims to be free. The slave possessing nothing and holding nothing, he of course is not, and cannot be, a competent party to a suit at law; and this prevails wherever slavery exists in the country.

And all this, madam, is perfectly consistent and proper. When we undertake to make horses parties to a

civil suit, then it will be time enough to talk about affording this privilege to slaves, both horses and niggers being alike cattle.

Another exceedingly wholesome law in the slave code is, that while niggers may testify for or against other niggers, whether bond or free, yet no nigger, bond or free, can testify for or against a white man; and this law obtains in every slave state in the Union.

Nothing can be wiser than this. It, in fact, gives the owner of slaves absolute power whenever he pleases to exercise it. He can work and punish his slaves to all intents and purposes, and be secure from any harm from law. All the master has to do is, like Mr. Legree, just to exclude all white persons from his plantation, or premises, and then he may reign there like a prince of absolute authority. The grand seignior himself has not more complete power over his subjects, and over the ladies of his seraglio, than has the slaveholder over the men and women of his establishment. The case of Legree is a fine specimen of this elegant state of things. Remote from other plantations, and being surrounded only by his own niggers, he lived a king, with subjects under his absolute power, and over whom he exercised entire control. He could whip at his pleasure, and proceed to the extreme of *killing* whenever he chose, and by whatever means he chose, while all this excellent liberty he used without let or hinderance. He had his laws, and no one trampled upon them with impunity. In case of trial for delinquency or shortcoming, he was himself prosecutor, witness, judge, and jury. He had his executioners whenever he thought proper to make use of them. He had his place of execution whenever he wished to

inflict capital punishment; and he had his different modes of punishment by death, whether he proposed to kill by hanging, whipping, cutting, bleeding, burning, or otherwise. The execution of old Tom presents a fine illustration of Mr. Legree's eligible position. He approaches his nigger, and seizing him by the collar, exclaims, "Do you know I have made up my mind to kill you?" Now, this was the language of a man who knew that he had absolute authority, and who well knew that he was above all law that could reach him. In view of Tom's continued and abominable obstinacy in refusing to inform about the missing slaves, Legree addresses him again, saying, "*I have made up my mind!* I'll conquer ye, or kill ye! I'll count every drop of blood there is in ye, and take 'em one by one, till ye give up."

It is perfectly obvious that allowing niggers to testify against a white man would effectually destroy this very desirable and necessary prerogative in masters of taking, now and then, the lives of their slaves. It is for this reason, we cannot doubt, that this grand prohibition exists. It becomes necessary, at times, to kill off niggers; while yet, for the sake of appearances, the law must *seem* to disallow it. Thus the statute of Louisiana asserts that "the slave is entirely subject to the will of his master, who may correct and chastise him, though not with unusual rigor, or so as to maim or mutilate him, or to expose him to danger of loss of life, or to cause his death."

This is the law *ostensibly;* and, as I have just remarked, it is so framed—not that the law designs to punish masters who kill their slaves, but that it may *appear to* discountenance and punish such treatment of

slaves. That noble statute making colored testimony illegal, as brought against a white man, completely nullifies the other; and it virtually whispers to slave owners that they may punish so as to kill, if they will only do it out of sight of white witnesses. Mr. Legree, with many of the rest of us, availed himself of this advantage, and killed his niggers as he would kill other animals; that is, whenever he thought proper.

Why, of course, it must be so; you cannot separate this feature from our sublime system of servitude. It is a strictly logical and irresistible consequence. If you own a man as a piece of property, you may do what you will with him, as with other property. If you may kill your pig, you may kill your nigger; both for the same irresistible reason — they are both alike your own. True, you must be more careful in killing your nigger than in butchering your pig. You must look around before proceeding, and satisfy yourself that your wife, or children, or neighbors, are not looking on. The barn, with the doors closed, is a suitable place; or you may take him into the neighboring thicket; or you may order the nigger up at midnight, and just take him out in one of the outhouses, and stick him. There are a thousand opportunities, as slaveholders well know; and the slave law, while it seems to forbid, grants, however, all desirable indulgence. It virtually suggests that we may kill, under the proper circumstances.

That sapient upstart, young George Shelby, had to be reminded of this when he was about to bury old Tom. Fixing his eyes on Legree, he exclaimed, "Sir, this innocent blood shall have justice. I will proclaim this murder. I will go to the first magistrate and expose you!"

A smart boy! — very, very smart boy this! He was determined to bring Mr. Legree to immediate justice.

"Do!" responded Mr. Legree, snapping his fingers scornfully. "I'd like to see ye doing it. Where ye going to get witnesses? How ye going to prove it? Come, now!"

Mr. George Shelby thus saw himself headed, and that his officiousness would be of no manner of use. Mr. Legree was safe; there was no law to touch him; and you represent George as feeling that he would have rent the heavens with his heart's indignant cry for justice. Why, madam, he might as well have rent the heavens with his indignant cry against the blessed institution itself. I hereby advertise you that killing niggers is a feature of this system — it is entirely congenial with it, part and parcel of it, and a logical result of it. Give a man the right of property in a hundred sheep, and he may kill off every one of them. So give a man the right of property in a hundred niggers, and he may just as surely kill off every one of them when he chooses to do so. Our glorious slave laws will bear him out in doing it; only, as I have already shown, those laws must, for the sake of the popular sentiment of mankind, have a show of opposition to such killing, while, by a covert provision, they grant the requisite permit. That covert provision is the dignified statute forbidding colored testimony against white people. This is exactly the thing — this is all we want. It is a most capital provision. Under it we can do just what we please with our slaves — *just what we please*, Mrs. Stowe. There is our prerogative. We are kings and queens of absolute power among our niggers, and *we greatly rejoice* in our elevated estate.

LETTER XXIII.

Killing Niggers not extremely common, though frequent. — Working Niggers to Death not to be reckoned as killing them. — Fugitive Niggers hunted and shot. — Some of Mr. Legree's Methods of Killing not fully approved. — Case of Mr. Lewis, of Kentucky. — Cutting Niggers to Pieces discountenanced. — But Northern People not suitable Judges.

MADAM: —

While upon the subject of killing niggers, I deem it right to observe that this practice can hardly be said to be very common, though, doubtless, often occurring, as must, in the nature of things, be necessary. I do not include here those cases in which niggers are "put straight through" — to use the language of Mr. Legree; that is, are worked so faithfully as to last from five, down to two or three years. A nigger, as well as a horse, may be worked so as to wear out in two years, or so as to last *ten* years; but it would be very absurd to charge those slave owners who wear out a slave in two years with killing him. The slave, in such a case, kills himself — driven, it is true, by the ever-active lash of the overseer. They are often killed in being hunted down when attempting to escape. These thievish niggers are pursued with dogs, guns, and horses, very much as a wild beast is pursued in hunting sports. When the fugitive is started, and the chase becomes too hot for him, he often ascends a tree, and there is deliberately shot. But frequently, too, the fugitive is taken by the dogs, before he has opportunity to

ascend a tree; in which case he is at once well torn up, and were the dogs permitted, they would despatch the rascal immediately. When these bloodhounds were first introduced into the country, for the purpose of hunting fugitives, some planters contributed around, and provided a nigger by way of experiment. The black, being delivered to the dogs, was forthwith torn in pieces, thus affording these gentlemen great pleasure in having found so useful an auxiliary for the security of their property.

In killing niggers, however, their owners do not always, I am aware, employ those methods most congenial with humanity. Mr. Legree's manner of killing Tom, was, I think, not the best. He could not rationally expect that the nigger would submit and obey him; and under these circumstances it appears to me that, as he designed to be rid of him, he might as well have butchered him right off at once, instead of whipping him to death.

Nor do I altogether approve Mr. Legree's other methods of killing — such as tying the slaves to a tree, and roasting them to death, although it might have been sometimes necessary to adopt such measures for the purpose of furnishing a vivid example to the rest of the niggers. It was with this view that, some years since, Mr. Lewis, of Kentucky, a nephew of Mr. Jefferson, made use of a peculiar mode in killing one of his niggers. The boy had accidentally broken a pitcher, and Mr. Lewis, at night, assembled all his niggers in a suitable room, and having fastened them all in so as to compel them to witness the punishment, he tied the delinquent to a block, and proceeded to chop him in pieces with a broadaxe, commencing with his feet.

is responsible, and not myself. If he was a hypocrite and an impostor in pretending to be under divine influence, when he was under the influence of the devil and his angels, I have only to say that he was not the only character of this sort that has appeared in the great arena of earthly affairs. We are to judge of men by their fruits, not by their pretensions. And what were Moses' fruits? I submit whether he was not an abolitionist of the very worst stamp — not merely an abolitionist in principle, but in practice also, and that to all intents and purposes. Consider the prodigious series of injuries and calamities by which he so dreadfully harassed the Egyptian people, pretending, all the while, that they were from the Lord. Then think of his wickedly instigating so many slaves, amounting to hundreds of thousands, to escape from their lawful owners and masters.

As nearly as I am able to calculate, this man was the grand agent in filching away from the Egyptian people an amount of property, whose value, according as we estimate our slaves, must have ranged from three to five hundred millions of dollars! And not only this, but we are to add the baleful influence of his example upon all succeeding generations. The abolition scamps that infest our own country, in all their vile instigations to our slaves to run away from their masters, — in all their aiding and abetting in this bad business, — in all their urging them along towards Canada, as Moses urged the Israelites towards Canaan, — in the whole of this thievish and diabolical process, they are enabled, and, for aught I can see, rightly enabled, to lean back upon the pernicious example of Moses, and reason from the righteousness of that old abolitionist.

and emancipator, to the righteousness of their own vile and detestable proceedings.

It cannot be denied that the Israelites, in leaving Egypt as they did, were, in reality, fugitive slaves. They were running away from their masters, and Moses was the prime mover and agent in this business.

But for slaves to run away from their masters is unlawful and wicked. It was so in the case of the Israelites to the full extent that it now is in this glorious country. So it was obviously claimed by Pharaoh and his people, who immediately marched an army in pursuit of the fugitives, with a view to their recapture; and, had they not been somehow swamped by the sudden and remarkably high tide that happened just then, the fugitives would have, undoubtedly, all been caught, and returned back to bondage:

The Egyptian people, in pursuit of their property, seemed to occupy a position strikingly similar to the present position of the American people since the passage of the blessed fugitive law. Our people, whether north, south, east, or west, like the ancient Egyptians, are all, by law, constituted slave catchers; and if it should so happen that all our slaves, or any number of them, should attempt to escape, like the perfidious Israelites, then we, like the faithful and patriotic Egyptians, are to turn out *en masse*, and chase them even through a Red Sea, if there were any such, and chase them through all the deserts of the northern Moabites, even to the line of that miserable modern Canaan, called Canada.

In all these observations, it clearly appears that Moses was not only an impostor and necromancer, but a *wholesale enticer* and robber of human property; and,

were just such a personage to make his appearance among us, and procced to enact similar measures for the emancipation of our slaves as he enacted in Egypt, nothing is more obvious than that he would be apprehended immediately, and lynched on the spot. We are fixed in this — firm as the everlasting hills. Whosoever undertakes to meddle with our nigger property is a doomed man, and may be as sure to receive summary vengeance as he is detected. We would have hung Moses had we been in the place of the ancient Egyptians; we will hang every Moses we can catch on our free soil.

Having advanced so far and so successfully in my Scripture argument, I shall defer the further presentation thereof until my next.

LETTER XXVII.

Recapitulation of the Scripture Argument. — Objections noticed and triumphantly refuted. — Conclusion.

MADAM: —

Let us pause here for a moment, and ascertain precisely the ground we have occupied, and the impregnable position where we now stand.

In the elucidation of my Scripture argument, I have clearly shown, first, that the descendants of Ham were to be slaves — which descendants the niggers undoubtedly are.

I have shown, in the second place, that Abraham

was a slaveholder, and a keeper of concubines, while, at the same time, he was the father of the faithful. Therefore we may righteously follow his example both in slaveholding, and — yes — and in the matter of concubines.

Thirdly, I have shown that God specially authorized the Israelites to buy bondmen from the heathen nations around them, and hold them as slaves; and that, therefore, he has authorized us in the south to do the same thing; though where and how this special authority came, I am not certain that I can tell particularly.

I have shown, fourthly, that Moses was an impostor and an abolitionist in bringing about the emancipation of the Israelites from Egyptian slavery; and therefore Egyptian slavery was righteous, and Pharaoh's fugitive slave law, so very similar to ours, was correct; and therefore our slavery and our fugitive law are correct.

Having advanced thus far, and so triumphantly, it only remains that we note a few objections alleged to be scriptural against the immaculate system I am defending.

1. The first is recorded in Ex. xxi. 16, and reads as follows: "And he that stealeth a man, and selleth him, or if he be found in his hand, he shall surely be put to death." In reference to this declaration of Scripture, I submit the following observations: —

First, the stealing of men cannot be predicated of southern slaveholders. That the ancestors of our slaves were stolen is probably true; but our slaves were born here, and were born slaves. I know that some people fail to understand how one can be born a slave;

and they undertake to say that such a thing cannot be, but that they were born free, and then stolen and made slaves. Well, be this so or not, the law protects us, and sanctions the usage; and the usage as well as the law has sanctioned the thing. But there is, in fact, no stealing or kidnapping. We only take the little niggers exactly as we take a lamb or a pig born on the premises, and just dispose of them.

With regard to a slave's being "found in the hand," this, of course, refers to a stolen man, and does not apply to the slaves held by us.

But, secondly, this text is easily obviated by our indispensable theory that our niggers are not *men*. All our laws fail to recognize them as such, but only as *cattle*. "The cardinal principle of slavery," says an eminent judge, "is, that the slave is not to be reckoned among *sentient beings*, but among *things*." Thus the Scripture we are considering does not at all apply to our niggers.

But, thirdly, even on the hypothesis that the scriptural declaration applies, and was designed to apply, exactly to our slaves, it would be deemed of no authority with us, as is obvious from the above view of the character of Moses, who wrote the declaration. When we condescend to submit to the dictum of abolitionists, then we may, perhaps, pay more regard to their great and deceptive prototype.

2. Another objection alleged from the Scriptures is recorded, they say, in Deut. xxiv. 7: "If a man be found stealing any of his brethren, the children of Israel, and making merchandise, or selleth him, then that thief shall die."

This is officiously collated with another passage which

declares that "of one blood hast thou made all the nations to dwell on all the face of the earth." It is hence inferred, that all nations of men are brethren. But niggers, it is urged, are one of the nations, and are, consequently, to be counted as brethren. Hence to enslave them is a criminal offence.

Now, to all this I simply submit, as a full and irrefragable answer, the remarks just made as a response to the first objection.

3. A third objection is attempted from that Scripture, which reads as follows: "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant who is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee, even among you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates where it liketh him best. Thou shalt not oppress him."

Of this Scripture I proceed to observe, that, as it reads in our English translation, it is exactly in the teeth of our excellent fugitive slave law of 1850. It is manifestly impossible for two statements to be more directly in opposition to each other. This is at once admitted.

But the fugitive law is perfect, conservative, union-saving, wholesome, indispensable, infallible, and indomitable. Moreover, it has all the freshness of recent enactment, all the elasticity of new-born patriotism, all the garnishing of modern science, all the transcendentalism of an expanded philosophy, all the gracefulness of congregated loveliness, all the wisdom of agglomerated intellect, all the dignity of legislative, congressional, and parliamentary distinction, all the loftiness of presidential corroboration, ratification, filiation, and sustentation, all the divinity of national,

conventional, platformal, anti-treasonable, multitudinal acclimation, and in general——. But I am again at a stand. Were I to ransack the spheres, and collocate the dialects of worlds, I should fail to find language fully expressive of my admiration of this law. Its enactment constitutes an era in the history of the race; and, perhaps, of systems of races. It is a new dispensation. It is an abrogation of all going before that is inconsistent with it. It is like the kingdom mentioned by old Daniel. It swallows up all other laws, and shall stand forever, a consummate and supermagnificent finality.

I deem these few simple observations a full and decisive answer to the objection founded on the antiquated, mouldy, and offensive precept above quoted, and which was written by the arch-abolitionist Moses, against catching and restoring fugitives from slavery.

4. Another Scripture attempted to be alleged against slavery is Is. lviii. 6: "Is not this the fast that I have chosen? to loose the bands of wickedness, to undo the heavy burdens, and let the oppressed go free, and that ye break every yoke?"

To this objection I reply summarily, that the *bands* by which we hold our slaves are not bands of wickedness, as before clearly shown, and are therefore not to be loosed.

The *burdens* we put upon our slaves are heavy, to be sure, but not too heavy, and are therefore not to be remitted.

Our slaves are not *oppressed.* We have deprived them of nothing which belonged to them. The present generation of slaves never owned any thing. We

have, of course, never deprived them of any thing; we have therefore never oppressed them; and are not, consequently, called upon to set them free.

And as for *breaking every yoke*, we cannot, and shall not do it. Such a thing would be actually carrying out all the fanaticism of the abolitionists.

5. Finally, the golden rule has been alleged as irreconcilable with slavery; and we slaveholders are tauntingly asked whether we would be willing to be treated as we treat our slaves. Our answer is, No! and neither would we be willing to be treated as we treat our horses. Yet no one pretends to find fault with us for the way we manage this species of cattle. Why, then, blame us for our treatment of our niggers?

Madam, I have done.

With due respect, &c.

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